

## GrandMaster of Yin cultivation

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# GrandMaster of Yin cultivation

by [mimijoy](#)

## Summary

Sixteen years have passed since the end of the siege of Burial Mounds.

It began just a week after Yilling Patriarch's failed attack on the Qiongqi Path, where cultivars of major sects attacked Wei Wuxian while on his way to Jin Ling's 100th birth celebration.

At that time, all the bodies of the wiped Wens were cleaned up on the Qiongqi Path, and the impostor was playing the flute on the other side of the trough, trying to drive Wei Wuxian to collapse from resentful energy. Fortunately, this did not happen, because Wei Wuxian was, as he always tried to explain to those around him, in full control. Therefore, when three hundred cultivators aimed bows with arrows at him, and resentful energy began to swirl around him, Wei Wuxian sent Wen Ning with a few tones on Chenqing to immediately to destroy those bows and arrows, while he quickly moved to the side path, where he grabbed the intruder and strengthened by force. with his wild crimson, powerful core, he dragged him all the way to the Burial Mounds.

No one has seen Wei Wuxian, Ghost General or Su She since.

!!currently under construction!!

## Notes

I warn you in advance of possible mistakes, English is not my first language. I hope you enjoy my story.

# Chapter 1

*After sixteen years, Yilling Patriarch is seen again.*

This was the thought that had occupied the minds of most cultivators for weeks. They received news, that the leader Leader Nie Huaisang had managed to contact Wei Wuxian and invite him for the Discussion Conference in Qinghe. And even though it has not been confirmed whether he will really appear, most of the world has already taken it for granted.

The truth was that Wei Wuxian wanted to burn the invitation first and forget about it. He had spent many years not thinking about everything he had left behind when he decided to close himself on his mountain and not leave. It wasn't that he didn't have news from the outside world. Wens from time to time went to the capitals, either for unavailable supplies or just for news. Wei Wuxian wanted to stay in the picture in case the sects planned to attack him again. From these trips, from time to time his fourth uncle or sixth aunt (who were in the best physical condition and were not so well known for their appearance) brought people back to him. Street children, fresh adults from troubled families, the elderly Wens, who managed to avoid labor camps but found no other place to live.

So yes, the Burial Mounds weren't empty, not even close to how many people stubbornly uncle and aunt decided to bring. Wei Wuxian even, despite his original protests, had several apprentices. Some taught the Orthodox way, others Yin cultivation. (*"I don't care if they call it demonic cultivation! It's my cultivation, and it's up to me to give it a proper name!"*) Some of his apprentices preferred to focus on healing, for which he was really happy. Xue Yang had a great talent for Yin cultivation and natural resistance to resentful energy, he was his first apprentice to accept and actually wrote textbooks at his instigation. Before accepting him, Xue Yang waited in front of his barrier for three months, refusing to give up. Xue Guòshī was courtesy the name Wei Wuxian gave him when he managed to create a crimson core modeled after Wei Wuxian.

Wen Yuan, on the other hand, was the most gifted student of orthodox cultivation, and with his willpower and natural curiosity, he earned the name Wen Sizhui. He wanted so much to see the world, but Wei Wuxian feared how they would react to his adoptive son. That's why he refused to let him go further than Yilling, and even there he could only be accompanied.

The most popular, however, was little Wei Mei, who came to Wei Wuxian as an infant without a name. A fourth uncle found her in a basket on the way to Burial Mounds, which had been put away for two days. It was a miracle that she survived, as Wen Qing said.

Wei Mei was the youngest resident of the Burial Mounds, only five years old, when news was released that Wei Wuxian might be appearing at the Discussion Conference. Not that she was the only one who grew up in an infant in Burial Mounds, but the others were born simply before her. And Wei Mei was the princess of the whole family. Xue Yang gave her sweet when no one was watching. And when someone caught him, he pretended to steal his candy. Wen Yuan immediately renamed her his little sister, and even though he was older, he would have preferred to take her everywhere. Go Hua and Mo XuanYu, who were practically

inseparable, often took her for food and fed her, even though she could eat on her own. Lian Hong, along with Se Maoge and Yan Qiang, were ready to become Wei Mei teachers when she was old enough. Not to mention Wens, they loved every child in the village, as did about the twenty men and women who had joined them in those sixteen years.

The Burial Mounds themselves were not as inhospitable as when Wei Wuxian first entered them. Sure, they came out like that for the first few years, but as soon as Wei Wuxian came up with a way to clean the dirt and bring water, they began to live like any other village. They grew various vegetables, planted fruit trees, and in later years even bought some pets, so they also had meat. They weren't the richest, but they didn't need to be either. The most expensive of all they used was paper and cultivation swords. But once in a while, it was enough to buy paper from the money they saved on it, and Wei Wuxian made swords himself from metals from the deep parts of the Burial Mounds. Although they found no silver or gold mines, the black steel beneath the mountain was still a good material. Wei Wuxian even created his own new sword from it, passing on Suibian to Wen Yuan, when he finished creating his golden core.

It was a difficult decision for Wei Wuxian, but he could not use Suibian with a crimson core, and the sword let itself be held by Wen Yuan.

Wei Wuxian's new sword was named Zuìhòu. He wore it with Chenqing at his waist and carried it when he crossed the Burial Mounds with Xue Yang, Mo XuanYu and Wen Yuan. These three were his oldest apprentices, and only with them, he knew that they could defend themselves if necessary. Initially, Go Hua was supposed to go with them, but she managed to pour one of Wen Qing's dangerous medicines on herself when she was helping her and thus, fell ill.

"I think it's the first time I've been leaving the Burial Mounds since I arrived," Mo XuanYu said nervously, looking back at the barrier that few could properly recognize as a gray-red cloud of smoke around the mountain. All four were wearing gray and black, with elements of red symbols and hair simply tied with ribbons.

Mo XuanYu was brought in by a sixth aunt, who came across him on her way from Lanling. His mother had just died and his aunt wanted to send him to Jins.

Although Mo XuanYu had the same resistance to resentful energy as Wei Wuxian and Xue Yang, his talent was hidden in talismans and arrays.

"You were in Yilling, weren't you?" Xue Yang asked, a little annoyed, playing with a knife in his hand. Wei Wuxian didn't understand what he enjoyed it about, but until he threw the knife at anyone (which he did a few years ago) Wei Wuxian left him alone. Xue Guoshi had his two-edged sword Guàiwù at his waist.

"Does Yilling count as a city outside the Burial Mounds? The civilians there know about us first and last, with how often we go there," Wen Yuan asked deliberately, probably thinking of Ms. Wu, who had given him free meat buns on every visit, since he saved her from yao with Wen Ning.

"If we were sect, Yilling would count as part of the Burial Mounds. But we're not sect, so from the outside, Yilling has nothing to do with us," Wei Wuxian explained to the boys, to which Xue Guoshi snorted and muttered, "Politics, "dissatisfied. Hours of history and politics were his least popular, and Wei Wuxian could say he hated them. But even so, the third aunt, a teacher of the Wen sect, managed to make him remember everything. *Honestly, I didn't have that much reluctance to learn politics either*, Wei Wuxian thought with a smile.

"One last chance to return," he urged the boys as they stood in front of Yilling. *Are you sure you can handle this?* It was what he really asked. Mo Xuanyu grabbed the hilt of his sword Bǎihé. It was the most detailed sword Wei Wuxian had ever made, and both he and Mo XuanYu were proud of it. Mo Xuanyu was training with it really hard last few months, so the sword could carry Mo XuanYu's spiritual energy. Wei Wuxian especially cared about that sword.

Wen Sizhui shook his head slightly and looked at the city, which was bathed in the morning sun and almost no one had yet walked the streets. It was clear to Sizhu that he wanted to ask his master and father the same question, but in the end he rejected it. He probably realized that if Wei Wuxian wasn't sure, he would never leave the barrier.

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Yingchuan was the only city they really visited on their way. They avoided other towns and villages and spent the night in the woods under the stars. The total journey on their feet was supposed to take nine days, so they needed to wash clothes halfway through. And Wei Wuxian wanted to eat proper leverage, which the apprentices preferred not to object to. Only Xue Yang joined him in eating red food and immediately regretted it.

Wei Wuxian laughed at the colors his face, as Xue Guoshi drank cold water in and mumbled swearing in between swallowing. Wen Sizhui knew better than to start laughing, and Mo XuanYu had tears in his eyes just from the smell of leverage, so he didn't join Wei Wuxian either.

They took off their robes before taking turns in the bathtub and then falling asleep as if killed on the bed. With a charming smile, Wei Wuxian asked the innkeeper for a single room with four beds. First because one room was cheaper and second because he wanted to have the boys under surveillance the first night in a foreign city.

He himself did not need sleep so necessarily due to his core, so he sat on the bed all night in meditation. If he hadn't meditated, he still wouldn't have fallen asleep, occupied with thoughts of what might have gone wrong at the Discussion Conference.

At night he tried not to think about it, while during the day, he offered the students to discuss how to react in what situation. He wanted to prepare them for everything that might await them, and he did not intend to give sects a single excuse for an attack. He even managed to hammer into Xue Guoshi some of the principles of speaking in the presence of leaders. And he reminded all three emphatically, that other cultivators didn't really need to know about his core. He was willing to be exposed in an emergency, but he would rather avoid the subject.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Here is another chapter for you.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

With one last remark to Xue Yang to hide his knife, because he looked too threatening as he kept playing with hit, they entered Qinghe at dusk. The Discussion Conference was to take place the next day, so they had just arrived to stay at the inn, arranged properly, and they wanted to leave for Unclean Relam in the morning.

It was Wen Sizhui who chose an inn on the outskirts of the city. Most of the cultivators who were not housed in Unclean Relam preferred the city center, so they could avoid attention for as long as possible. From their two spare sets of robes, they chose gray, which turned black to the ground. No red, except for the ribbon in Wei Wuxian hair, was seen. Only their belts were different. Xue Guoshi had it black with silver embroidery, Mo XuanYu chose dark blue with a decorative silver brooch, and Wen Yuan had a gray belt with light blue embroidery elements. Wei Wuxian chose a plain black belt without ornaments. Instead, he reluctantly attached a smaller silver ornament in the shape of a spider lily to his hair with his ribbon. He really didn't want to carry the heavy object, but the etiquette etiquette demanded it.

Normally, it would be enough to tie the hair in a more official way, but Wei Wuxian he couldn't do any so he suffered with an ornament.

In front formation, Wei Wuxian and Xue Guoshi, who was in the position of the eldest at the age of twenty-five, and Mo XuanYu with Wen Sizhui behind them, they set out for the city center.

As they approached Unclean Relam, there were more and more people on the streets.

Civilians took advantage of the presence of so many unknown cultivators and sold local products, young apprentices ran around to make new friends. The older ones did not hesitate and with acquaintances from other sects they got into friendly spars or speculation.

It took longer than Wei Wuxian waited for him to be recognize, and a whisper began in the streets about how Yilling Patriarch arrived. In the company of four boys. Although, Wei Wuxian should no longer call Xue Yang and Mo XuanYu boys. Both in their twenties. Only Wen Sizhui was seventeen, so he could still be considered a boy.

They approached the gates of Unclean Relam. There the cultivators were already parted, as if waiting for him. And probably yes.

Xue Yang enjoyed your attention, everyone could say that. Wei Wuxian just prayed that he would not wave a knife provocatively in all directions. Wen Sizhui put on a slight smile those who knew him could say it was fake. Mo XuanYu mirrored his material brothers completely, with his sword gripping and constant straightening in his back.

Wei Wuxian put on his best neutral expression and as his flute and sword clinked to each other, he reached the gate where Nie cultivated the guests. All men, and women, were tall, masculine, and dressed in dark green and brown. At their sides came a typical saber, from which even inexperienced cultivators could sense brute force. Wei Wuxian and his apprentices, though...<br />

Let's just say it was lucky that all three had an intro on Nie sect from Wei Wuxian's point of view. Otherwise, they would probably gasp in surprise, creating a lot of questions. It was not a pretty sight to see animal resentful souls chained to a weapon in such a brutal manner.

Especially not for someone experienced with resentful souls in general. Although, it was no longer as terrible as in the past, when Nie sect attached souls to sabers involuntarily and this caused their Qi devastation.

Wei Wuxian bowed respectfully, followed by his apprentices, and when Xue Guoshi handed him the invitation, which he handed to Nie man. He cleared his throat in surprise before taking over the paper and checking its authenticity.

Then he just bowed wordlessly and motioned for the group to follow him into the grounds. His place was filled by another pupil, a little younger, and he looked for another guest.

Nie cultivator led them through the walls of Unclean Relam. Wei Wuxian vaguely recalled running through those walls, during the war, and had to look at the wall globelines that now adorned the corridors. Nie Huaisang became the leader of the sect thirteen years ago, when his brother began to undergo Qi devastation. Fortunately, it was expelled, after the mysterious revelation that Jin Guangyao was evoking it, but even so, Nie Mingyue never returned to his post, preferring to teach beginners and work as a counselor to Nie Huaisang.

They reached the main hall, which was in the heart of Unclean Relam, and where everything was ready for the Discussion. Wei Wuxian was seated between tables for rogue cultivators without sects, as agreed upon after several exchanges of letters with Nie Huaisang. Xue Yang sat by his side while Mo XuanYu and Wen Yuan were right behind them, almost giving the impression that they really were sect.

Those who were already at would places were mostly smaller sects and a few rogue cultivators who came to see them. There have never been many of these cultivators at the Discussion Conference because they preferred not to get involved in politics, but there was always place for them.

Wei Wuxian looked around the corner of his eye at a pair of men sitting at one table on the right. They looked Xue Guoshi age and were dressed as if they were the opposite. One in white with silver ornaments on the chest, the other in black and with gold embroidery on the shoulders.

When they both registered that Wei Wuxian was looking at them, they gave him a nod, which Wei Wuxian repeated. They didn't seem worried about him, so they either didn't hear about

him or didn't believe the stories. Anyway, Wei Wuxian was happy for the duo.

It didn't take long and everyone, except the main sects, were settled in their places. Most of the cultivators looked at him as if they were waiting for him to kill them at any moment.

Those who did not look at him tried to pretend they did not exist.

Then Nie Head Disciple began to announce the arrivals of the main sects, and everyone present got up and bowed to the first newcomer.

Jin Zixuan, who took on the role of sect Leader after his father was convicted along with Jin Guangyao of attempting to assassinate Nie Mingyue, entered with his chest strained until Wei Wuxian was surprised he hadn't burst. He was immediately followed by Jiang Yanli and Jin Rulan, who celebrated sixteen years this year.

Wei Wuxian preferred not to look at his former shijie and her son. However, he was sure that all three had registered him. Jiang Yanli slowed down, and if she hadn't been used to the system for a long time, she would have said something. Both she and Jin Zixuan looked much older than when Wei Wuxian had last seen them. It was not so visible on Jin Zixuan due to his strong golden core, but Jiang Yanli already had a few minor wrinkles around her eyes. But she still carried with the lady's grace.

Jiang Wanjin entered the room next to his apprentices. As Wei Wuxian noticed, his right hand, which Zidian wore, sparkled purple, but otherwise he did not change his frown. 'I told you it would stay, he wanted to shout at Wei Wuxian. No woman yet? You are no longer the youngest Jiang Cheng, you need a successor,' he added to himself, when Jiang Wanjin sat down at the table himself, indicating that he did not have a heir or a Head Disciple.

When Lan Xichen entered the hall with Lan Wangji by his side, Wei Wuxian couldn't help but hold his breath. Fortunately, only Xue Yang was able to hear that, and he already knew he shouldn't speak without a call. But he certainly wanted to mention it in private, and Wei Wuxian knew he would curse again and again how similar Xue Guoshi was to him.

Wei Wuxian's eyes were fixed on Lan Wangji, and he couldn't help but notice that his appearance had hardly changed. Sure, he looked older, taller, and certainly had bigger muscles, but it was still Lan Zhan. Seemingly stone face, golden eyes, protruding cheekbones. He carried himself like he was flying a sword.

The final arrival of Nie Huaisang was hardly perceived by Wei Wuxian. He may have noticed his friend wink at him, but that was all. It may have been cruel, given how they had come together over the years over the letters, but what could have been done?

When the discussions began, Wei Wuxian was really pleased to learn patience in teaching children at Burial Mounds. And that he did not have to make the same speeches as sect leaders. He would not really be able to talk about the economy, the progress and decline of cultivation or project proposals for so long.

The pair of men he had exchanged a greeting to before seemed used to such talk. Maybe they went to the Discussion Conference regularly?



The only luck was that the program was run by Nie sect. Otherwise, they would certainly get back into discussing the Wei Wuxian cultivation, the Wens he protected and how he bathed in the blood of virgins, or what new things they had come up with this time.

They had a break from talking during lunch, and a lot of people whispered around. Wei Wuxian caught his name and some insult a few times, but he preferred to talk quietly to his boys, explaining to them what was going on and being discussed. Xue Yang, when he disliked politics, was fascinated by how Leader Yao's request to increase civilian charges actually meant that Leader wanted a new housing complex built.

"Let him build it himself when he thinks it's so easy and overpaid," Xue Guoshi snorted, and Mo XuanYu laughed a little muffled, much more relaxed than when they arrived.

Just before the end of lunch, Wen Yuan moved toward him for a moment. "Why is the other Master Lan staring at you so intensively?" He asked in a whisper at Wei Wuxian's ear. Immediately, Wei Wuxian turned his head and looked directly at where Lan Wangji was sitting next to his brother.

He was really staring at him, maybe not even blinking. His dining tray was already empty, reaching for a cup of tea when Wei Wuxian returned his gaze.

"I'm not sure. With Lan Wangji, no one can ever be sure. Probably for the same reason he did then. He doesn't approve of my cultivation," Wei Wuxian shrugged at Sizhui, not letting go of Lan Wangji by eyes.

"There's nothing wrong with that," Mo XuanYu said, sipping his tea.

"Shall we talk about this in private?" Wei Wuxian finally looked away and squeezed Wen Yuan's shoulder intimately.

Throughout the afternoon, Wei Wuxian listened mainly to Mo XuanYu and Wen Sizhui. Mo XuanYu was getting restless in the evening, so Wen Yuan advised him to try to imagine the reactions of his aunt, uncle and cousin if they found out that he had become an apprentice to the Yiling Patriarch. It also took on Wei Wuxian boredom, because he suddenly had to hold on so he wouldn't start giggling. Mo XuanYu himself did not know the family, but the sixth aunt described them in detail.

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When the Discussion Conference was officially closed that evening, with games to be held the next day. Wei Wuxian was escorted to the gates of Unclean Realm by the same cultivator who brought them inside.

After saying goodbye with a bow, they were about to leave as soon as possible. The boys had too much energy after sitting all day, so Wei Wuxian wanted to take them to the city so they could get tired of fighting three against one.

But as they approached the gate, Wei Wuxian sensed someone following them. All he had to do was focus a little on the spiritual signature to find out that it was Lan Wangji. His Qi was

perhaps the strongest in the congregation, dominated only by his brother and Jiang Wanjin.

Wei Wuxian could not say which of the three was the strongest, but he did not try to study it either. In any case, due to the strength of their cores, they had an easily recognizable signature.

Wei Wuxian stopped, and when his students looked back at him, he spoke to them with a smile. "Go warm up, I'll catch up with you."

He watched his apprentices leave the city before turning. He got a glimpse of Lan Wangji standing at a respectful distance. He studied him from head to toe before bowing as if they were strangers. Wei Wuxian bowed in return and waited for Lan Wangji to speak. It was he who followed them, he must have had a reason.

Not that Wei Wuxian didn't want to talk to Lan Wangji again, but when they last saw each other, it was before the Qiongqi Path. Before the siege. Wei Wuxian knew that Lan Wangji had not participated in the siege himself, he would have known his Qi even if he had not seen him in person as he had seen the other Leaders and their generals.

"Wei Ying, your companions ..." Lan Wangji finally spoke uncertainly, and Wei Wuxian took pity on him. Wei Wuxian thought Lan Wangji wanted to talk about something else, but he didn't know how to begin.

"My disciples," Wei Wuxian replied lightly, urging Lan Wangji to keep him company on the slow journey to the gate. "You remember Wen Yuan, right? The other two have joined us over the years. Xue Guoshi is my oldest apprentice and Mo XuanYu isn't much younger. I still have a few at home, but they're young. Except for Go Hua, but she's clumsy and sick," Wei Wuxian continued with a slight smile, watching Lan Wangji's face change almost imperceptibly into a confused expression.

"She is learning medicine. And when she helped Wen Qing in the infirmary, she spilled something there," the gray man grinned. "I'd rather not ask what it was. When it comes to medicine, I'm just arguing with Wen Qing. "

Lan Wangji's face returned to a blank expression, still staring at Wei Wuxian as if trying to push his own thoughts into his head.

"You know, I can't read your mind like your brother. If you don't tell me something out loud, I will not know," Wei Wuxian said, unable to stand the sight. "You want to talk to me, don't you?" He wanted to make sure.

"Mn," Lan Wangji agreed, and Wei Wuxian sighed for a long time. It had been a long time since he had had a similar conversation. "Do you want to talk about it now, or will you wait? I will have a duel with the students so that they get tired before bed. The all-day session is not doing them any good, they are used to doing something all the time," he nodded towards the city gates, where the three boys had disappeared.

"I can wait," Lan Wangji finally replied, stepping in to indicate that he really planned to follow Wei Wuxian training.

"So you join us to watch and then, when I release the three, we'll talk?" Wei Wuxian asked, catching up with Lan Wangji, who was leaving town. Lan Wangji grumbled in agreement.

Wei Wuxian was really glad that the trip didn't take long. He was not used to the quiet treatment of Lans, no matter how good he had been in filling the silence in the past.

Therefore, he was relieved when he stood behind the gate at a pile of folded upper robes made up by his students and taking off the outer robe himself. He took a silver ornament from his hair and tied it in a tall bun with his ribbon. He placed the flute on his pile and took only his sword as he headed for the three figures practicing the formation.

While Xue Yang's movements were wilder and more reliant on speed, Mo XuanYu and Wen Yuan had calmer and more sophisticated forms, concentrating on strength and precision.

That was one of the few things he understood as a beginning teacher. Where the cultivation of Yin was wild, the Orthodox path was quiet. Yin was created by emotions, yang was natural pure energy.

It took a while for Wei Wuxian to distinguish between the two paths, each adding its own unique forms and movements.

As he walked, Wei Wuxian stretched his arms and back, twisting the sword in his right hand a few times before standing in a defensive position.

As always, they began a duel with swords in their hands. One by one, they attacked Wei Wuxian, each with his own style, before deciding on a true three-on-one tactic and working together. Wei Wuxian shouted at them what they were doing wrong, and praised them when they inflicted a really good shot or avoided them well.

When he saw that they were barely breathing, he announced a break and let them rest for a moment. Xue Guoshi may have muttered that he could continue, but he still seemed relieved to sit down with his material brothers. Wei Wuxian himself was all sweaty and short of breath, but not as much as his apprentices. He stood by them and just out of curiosity looked at Lan Wangji's reaction. Not that he was waiting for a welcome in his face, but he was still curious about his opinion.

As he waited, Lan Wangji stood at the gate where Wei Wuxian had left him, watching them motionless like a statue with his hand behind his perfectly straight back.

The second part of the training took place with swords in the air, controlled only by spiritual and Yin energies. The fight Wei Wuxian forced his students to supplement with evasive maneuvers, when his Zuihòa attacked not only their swords, but the students themselves at the same time. Wei Wuxian, in particular, always required the trio to use all the energy they had available to fight him. On the contrary, when fighting each other, he preferred to practice their Qi control and the amount they put into punches.

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed how Lan Wangji's uncle and brother joined Lan Wangji, and they also set out to watch the fight. Mo XuanYu registered it as well, and it threw him off balance and he just missed his Bǎihé Wen Sizhui's left hand.

"Concentrate on A'Yu!" Wei Wuxian shouted at him, deliberately pointing Zuihòu at him. XuanYu sharpened it again and shielded the attack, deflecting Wei Wuxian's sword at the grinning Xue Yang. He didn't expect it, and if it weren't for Wen Yuan's quick reactions, he would probably have a scratch on his face.

Wei Wuxian pulled his sword together and ended the fight by grabbing his handle. His students followed him and immediately went over to him for the usual discussion.

"A'Yu, really focus on concentration more than strength. It's good to know what's going on around you, but it can't get you out of control of your own sword. On the other hand, I'm glad how you progressed in pouring your Qi into Bǎihé, it's more natural," he said to the gray-eyed boy, who nodded seriously. "A'Yuan, you should also attack more than defend yourself. While it is almost impossible to get through your defenses, only a that will not win. You have good reflexes, so we will have to push a little aggression into them," he said to his son and ruffled his hair, which melted from his ribbon.

"A'Yang, you're moving too much. It's not bad that it's hard to register you, but it can happen that something happens to you if you move badly to the place where the sword flies. Think more about your movements and your surroundings. What if you're in the woods? You bump into a tree and it takes you crazy that something will kill you," Wei Wuxian finished, urging them to rest for a while while he hid his sword in his scabbard and headed for Lans. He was aware that he was putting more pressure on Xue Yang than on the others, but it was necessary and it was natural. He must have been a good example to others.

"Good evening, Lan teacher, sect Leader Lan," Wei Wuxian greeted the newcomer first, then reached for his outer robe.

"Master Wei, it's good to see you after such a long time," Lan Xichen replied with a hint of a smile as he and his uncle returned the bow. Teacher Lan didn't seem to have changed his beard and mustache over the years. Lan Xichen has also changed only minimally, his tall figure copying his younger brother in everything but eye color and the traditional silver ornament sect the leader in his hair.

"Pleasure is on my side. I'm glad you're in good health," Wei Wuxian replied, and although he didn't hear or see anything, he knew very well that Xue Guoshi was rolling his eyes at a distance. "What do I owe for your decision to visit us?" He asked, watching with one eye as his three students stood behind him. He nodded at them as a sign to introduce themselves.

"Xue Yang, courtesy Xue Guoshi, the eldest disciple," Wei Wuxian's favorite delinquent said with a slight nod and was followed by his brothers. "Mo Yu, courtesy Mo XuanYu." "Wen Yuan, courtesy Wen Sizhui," the youngest of them finished bowing, and the three of them tensed as they endured Lans's stares.

"I see you're corrupting the young generation with resentful energy," Lan Qiren said, frowning.

Wei Wuxian was not surprised when Xue Guoshi reacted the way he did. He was his first apprentice, and he came from outside, so he knew of the prejudices that persecuted Yin cultivation. He was also the first to be taught by Wei Wuxian the true difference between Yin

cultivation and golden core cultivation. As a result, he was quite protective of his teachers at Burial Mounds and of cultivation itself.

"We are not corrupt! Don't talk about things you don't know about!" Xue Yang snapped, frowning at Teacher Lan.

"A'Yang," Wei Wuxian said calmly, and the man immediately looked at him apologetically.

"I apologize for the harsh words of my protégé, he's a little less polite after the fight than usual," he apologized to Xue Yang Wei Wuxian. He was still in the line set by Wei Wuxian before leaving the Burial Mounds, so it wasn't that much of a problem.

"All right," Lan Xichen replied, glancing at the whole trio behind Wei Wuxian. "Your students are talented. Did I rightly notice that two of them cultivate spiritual energy?" He then asked with curiosity.

"I am proud of them all," he confirmed, "Yes, Wen Sizhui has a particularly talent for spiritual cultivation, while Mo XuanYu is more gifted in talismans," Wei Wuxian said, pleased to talk about how proud he was of his students' progress.

"Go Hua knows a lot more about medicine," Mo XuanYu beeped seemingly innocently. "And that's why she's in the infirmary now," Wen Yuan continued mischievously, causing Mo XuanYu to blush.

Wei Wuxian laughed briefly at the exchange and stepped back to join his students so he could pat Mo XuanYu on the head.

"Go Hua is another of our oldest, she was originally supposed to go with us, but she had an accident while helping in the infirmary," Wei Wuxian explained to the two incomprehensible-looking Lans.

He looked at the already prepared students and smiled at them. "You can go look around the city. Just stay together and don't cause any inconvenience. We will meet in Hai Shi at our inn," he urged them to leave. They didn't want to show Wei Wuxian's concerns, but the trio knew it anyway. They bowed goodbye and headed for the city.

"Why did you teach the boy demonic cultivation?" He blurted out as the boys disappeared behind the gate, Lan Qiren.

"Teacher Lan, I'd like to clarify two things. First of all, I find it very annoying when you call my cultivation demonic. That's the name of the others who had no right to name my method. As the founder, I named it Yin Cultivation, and that is how it should be called. Secondly, to answer your question. My students have the opportunity to learn both ways, choosing them based on their talent and choice. Xue Guoshi is a very talented and clever young man, and I don't want anyone to judge him for the way he decided protecting civilians from demons, monsters and restless souls," Wei Wuxian said in a completely icy tone until Lan Qiren winced.

But before Master Lan could protest, as usual, Xue Guoshi appeared at Wei Wuxian, tapping him on the shoulder, indicating that he wanted to say something to him in silence. Wei

Wuxian leaned toward him. "The two rogue cultivators, who were sitting next to us, are behind the gate and would like to talk," he whispered. Wei Wuxian nodded that he understood, and Xue Yang had disappeared with another bow.

"Resentful energy hurts body and mind!" the teacher said as Wei Wuxian's pupil left, not giving up, and Wei Wuxian sighed in disappointment. The old man hadn't changed at all. It was only lucky that Wei Wuxian calmed his temper over the years and was able to respond without the usual arrogance.

"The spiritual cultivation also hurts the body and mind when done wrong."

"There has been no exception in history! It destroyed everyone who tried to control the resentful energy!" teacher continued.

"And yet I stand here now, with a clear mind and answering you," Wei Wuxian finished.

"Just because it has ruined others in the past doesn't mean it's not possible. How many people died of a poorly cultivated golden core before the whole process settled on the current one?" Wei Wuxian asked with a raised eyebrow. The teacher was already flushed with rage, but he couldn't answer because he was well aware that Wei Wuxian's words were reasonable.

"By cultivating Yin, I have stabilized the learning process, and therefore it is possible to control resentful energy without threatening mental collapse."

"How?" Lan Xichen asked a little bluntly before thinking about the words.

"I don't want to tell you my family's secrets here, so I won't go into details. The reason why resentful energy is detrimental to gold core cultivators is the same as the Nie saber technique would have been detrimental to you. Once a core is cultivated in one way, using it to cultivate another would be fatal. But when someone cultivates Yin from the beginning and in the right way, it is no more dangerous to him than your orthodox path," Wei Wuxian explained really roughly. In fact, it was a much more complicated process, and Wei Wuxian took years during and after the war to fully master it. But the Lans didn't have to know.

"But you started the orthodox path," Lan Wangji said incomprehensibly after a long time.

"Yes, but by the time I started cultivating resentful energy, I no longer had a golden core. Instead, I was in the process of creating a crimson core when we were at war," Wei Wuxian explained, and then wanted to slap himself. The information that he had created a way to cultivate completely new core with new way of cultivating was dangerous. More than the new cultivation itself.

Wei Wuxian sighed and rubbed his eyes with his hand. This really wasn't the best way people could find out. The positive thought was that it wasn't even the worst, so Wei Wuxian intended to work with it. "I would like this information to remain between us. If people found out ... Well, you know how some love gossip and theorizing. I don't want my students to be in danger because of that," he looked at Lans significantly. The two elders agreed only slightly with a nod, while Lan Wangji seemed to want to continue the conversation.

"Soo. Did you have a specific reason to stop here?" Wei Wuxian asked. It was too much for a day, and he just wanted to sit down to a quiet dinner full of leverage. Not that he didn't like company, but he learned to eat alone from time to time or just in the company of his daughter.

"We wanted to know if you would be willing to pull down the barrier around the Burial Mounds and let us visit," Lan Xichen replied.

"The barrier will remain where it is, but I am willing to accept a few selected visitors. Understand, there are few people I would mind letting into my home," Yin cultivator replied.

"That is understandable. Would you mind having tea with us tomorrow and discussing this topic more?" Lan Xichen offered with a polite smile.

"It will be an honor," Wei Wuxian agreed, saying goodbye to the two Lans bowing over his sword.

Both Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji waited until Lan Xichen and Lan Qiren left before heading for the city at a slow pace.

<p> "What do you think of Lan Zhan? Was it such a big shock?" Wei Wuxian asked casually. He looked at the pair of rogue cultivators who walked over to them.

"Wei Ying is smart and powerful, it was predictable. It's just that we never thought it was possible," Lan Wangji replied a little embarrassed. "It didn't occur to me before it happened, so there's nothing to be ashamed of," Yin cultivator assured him.

"Mn?"

But Wei Wuxian no longer had a chance to answer because a pair stood in front of him and bowed. Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji imitated them. "Excuse my rudeness, my name is Xiǎo Xīngchén, and this is Sòng Lán, courtesy of Sòng Zīchēn. We heard that Wei Wuxian is the son of my shijie, so we were wondering if he could have tea with us and talk," said the man in white.

Wei Wuxian gasped, unable to answer. "Will everyone invite me for tea today?" he asked himself stiffly. "Are you the son of Canase Sanren? I'm sorry, but I can't say. Everyone here told me years ago that you look like her, but I've never met her. However, my Master was talking about her, so I wanted to know what kind of person her son was," he continued in an almost boyish voice. He really seemed young, too young to speak so starched.

"Wei Ying, courtesy of Wei Wuxian. Son of Wei Changze and Canase Sanren," Wei Wuxian confirmed almost automatically.

"Great, would you mind having tea in the tavern?" You see, I've heard a lot of talk about the Yilling Patriarch, but some were unrealistic, so I'd rather meet you myself." It was as if Wei Wuxian had woken up, and he immediately knocked with an inaudible laugh.

"Sure, I'd love to. Just please don't call me Yilling Patriarch. I am more the protector of the Burial Mounds than the ruler. And Yilling doesn't even belong to us. Officially. So the title

really doesn't make sense. "

Wei Wuxian turned to Lan Wangji with a question, but before he could say it, Lan Wangji spoke alone. "See you tomorrow, Wei Ying," they said with a bow, and Lan Wangji left.

Wei Wuxian headed with Xiǎo Xīngchén and Sòng Zǐchēn to the tavern in silence. It wasn't until they sat down at a table inside a building full of blooming flowers that they began to speak.

"So, what would you like to know?" Wei Wuxian asked curiously, trying not to notice how the frightened waiter nearly spilled their tea as he placed it on their table.

"What to start with from the beginning? We heard you grew up in Jiang sect when your parents died. And that you are responsible for the Lotus Pier being attacked and destroyed? before the war? "Xiǎo Xīngchén began seriously and poured the tea into three cups.

"Lotus Pier would be attacked anyway, I only provided Wens with a reason to visit that preceded the attack. I was a little hostile to the second master, Wen Chao. Were it not for Wen Qing and Wen Ning, who shielded me and Jiang Wanjin, we would both be dead. As Jiang Wanjin was healed, I disappeared for three months as I began to cultivate a new path. That, in my opinion, subsequently helped a lot in the war," Wei Wuxian paused for a moment to drink bitter tea. He tried not to show any distaste for himself, because he preferred tea to be weaker and sweeter. "It simply came to my notice then. And I was too arrogant to convince them they didn't have to. After the war, everything looked fine before Wen Qing came to see me, that her brother had been picked up by Jins, and she and her whole village had been taken to a labor camp. I found out where they were being held and went there with Wen Qing. But it was too late. I found a whole field of dead old villagers and children. Wen Ning was dead. I promised to help save him, so I offered Wen Qing to bring him back. But it was supposed to take a while, so we took the rest of the villagers and one boy who survived and fled to the Burial Mounds. Along the way, I killed the Jins who were guarding the camp. At Burial Mounds, I regained Wen Ning's consciousness after a few weeks."

Wei Wuxian stopped again, this time for a long time, so that the couple could process the information. "I had an argument with Jiang Wanjin and he was officially fired from the sect. After two years, I was invited to the 100 day celebration of Jin Rulan, but on the way I was attacked by sect students. A man named Su She tried to drive me crazy as he wielded resentful energy. He didn't do well, so I took him and imprisoned him in Burial Mounds. I haven't left the mountain since," Wei Wuxian finished his story. He missed a lot of things, but he said the main thing.

"So no child sacrifices or curses?" Xiǎo Xīngchén asked with a raised eyebrow, and Wei Wuxian laughed.

"Not really!" He assured him.

"So how is it possible that they told me about how scary you are and that you are no longer human?" Sòng Zǐchēn spoke in an icy voice for the first time.



"I'm not sure. I know that these words are circulating, but how people came up with them, you will have to ask them," he shrugged.

"It's definitely good to know you're not a demon," Xiǎo Xīngchén continued with a much more relaxed smile.

"Thanks shijiu!" Wei Wuxian returned. He himself began to feel much better in the presence of the duo.

"Please don't call me that, you're about ... How old are you?" Xiǎo Xīngchén suddenly asked as he stuck.

"Thirty-six."

"That's ... You were twenty-one when the sects declared you a demon? Nineteen, when the war ended? seventeen, when you start cultivating this way?" Xiǎo Xīngchén asked, his eyes unnaturally large.

"If you say it like that ... Circumstances make you do crazy things," Wei Wuxian said lightly. He hadn't bothered so much with his adolescence for a long time. How could he? In Burial Mounds, the whole family had a village full of children. And Wen Qing and Wen Ning, whom he had long since taken as his siblings. What more could he ask for?

For the rest of the afternoon, Wei Wuxian talked with Xiǎo Xīngchén and Sòng Zǐchēn alternately about the Burial Mounds and the couple's plans to build sect. Wei Wuxian was completely captivated by their desire for a non-bloodline sect and immediately gave them a talisman to allow them to cross the barrier so they could visit him. He told them little about his children, about his A'Mei, and without it, Jin told him how he had to give her his continuous energy for three weeks, weakening his core so much that he would never reach immortality again, no matter how powerful he was. Sòng Zǐchēn did not understand the sacrifice, as he called it, but Wei Wuxian only said that I could not understand it until he had children. and yet Wei Wuxian wished that neither of them had ever experienced that feeling, the need to do anything, just to keep the child alive. In the end, they said good wishes, because Xiǎo Xīngchén and Sòng Zǐchēn planned to leave early in the morning. Wei Wuxian couldn't wait for them to come and visit him.

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Wei Wuxian said goodbye to Xiǎo Xīngchén and Sòng Zǐchēn in Xu Shi. Wei Wuxian then spent time until Hai Shi continuing to compile a book on advanced talismans focusing on reversal effects for Mo XuanYu. Of course, the book would be used by his other students, but Mo XuanYu specifically talked about it a month ago. Wei Wuxian already had a few notes on the subject created, he just needed to put them into coherent and understandable sentences in order to learn from it

Then, on Hai Shi, he went out on the porch of the inn and looked for his disciples to return at that time.

As he watched a pair of older students try to get the youngest to Wei Wuxian, he couldn't help but laugh. It was clear from that look what had happened, but even so, when the trio stood in front of him, he asked, "What were you doing?"

"Baba, A'Yu and A'Yang made me drink wine! I didn't want to drink wine! I wanted to start talking to young master Jin, young master Ouyang and young master Lan! They have a weird friendly relationship! Young Master Jin and young Master Lan are constantly arguing, and young Master Ouyang calms them down by reciting romantic poetry. Why does he recite poetry? And why romantic? I want to go ask them, but A'Yu and A'Yang won't let me!" Wen Sizhui muttered nonsensically, and Xue Guoshi slammed into the forehead.

"Your alcohol tolerance is terrible," Xue Yang said, as if it were Wen Yuan's fault. Mo XuanYu just hissed, glancing absently at Wei Wuxian.

"You look like my Master," Mo XuanYu said wisely, frowning.

"And you're no better," Xue Yang turned to him, pointing a knife at him. Just to be sure, Wei Wuxian checked that the knife was in the same condition as when they left the Burial Mounds before giggling toward them.

"Take my separate room, I'll take care of the two," he said to his eldest, grabbing one of the others with each hand. Xue Guoshi smiled gratefully and went to the inn himself.

"Come A'Yuan, you can ask your questions tomorrow morning, now the young masters will definitely be asleep. A'Yu I am your Master, and as such you have a duty to go to an inn, change clothes, and go to sleep. You know you should go to bed on time," Wei Wuxian said, keeping both students around his waist as he led them through the inn to their room.

Wei Wuxian treated them like overgrown children, because that's how most drunks behaved.

Wen Sizhui kept mumbling something incomprehensible, but he listened to what Wei Wuxian had told him. Mo XuanYu had to be constantly convinced that Wei Wuxian was indeed his Master and basically refused to change. He fell asleep in the middle when Wei Wuxian changed him with his own hands, so reminiscent of the little boy the sixth aunt had brought years ago.

Wei Wuxian managed to at least force Wen Yuan to drink two cups of water before he also fell asleep on his bed. When that happened, Wei Wuxian was just glad that Xue Yang himself remained sane after drinking wine. It would probably take all night to deal with the drunk offender. Luckily, Xue Yang's wild puberty was over, or Wei Wuxian from Burial Mounds wouldn't even take him.

When Wei Wuxian undressed himself only in his lower robe and lay down to sleep, he felt surprisingly well. He would have expected him not to be able to fall asleep, surrounded by so many cultivators who had wanted to kill him in the past, but his mind was calm.

last time I forgot the meanings of weapon names (and courtesy name) so I put them here if anyone is curious. Everything is through the compiler 😊

Zuìhòu (最後) end/ending

È-mèng (惡夢) nightmare

Bǎihé (百合) lily

Guòshī (過失) delinquent

Guàiwù (怪物) monstrosity

## Chapter 3

The next day, Wei Wuxian sat with the Lan brothers on the porch over tea, watching the promenade of all the contestants. His own students did not participate, only watched among the civilians. Xue Yang wanted to participate, but although rogue cultivators had the opportunity, Wei Wuxian did not allow them to do so. He didn't want them to get much attention.

Before Wei Wuxian joined Lans, he stopped for a short conversation with Nie Huaisang. They had been exchanging letters for over ten years, so they didn't need to share so much news, but they didn't see each other personally from Phenix Mountain Hunt, so they had something to say there as well. For example, how Wei Wuxian barely changed in appearance, or about the design of Nie Huaisang's new fan. No one but the participants knew that it was Wei Wuxian who allowed Nie Mingyue to continue cultivating, despite almost devastating Qi. Thanks to Wei Wuxian and Wen Qing, which Nie Mingyue had trouble accepting from the beginning. But Nie Mingyue was a fair man and eventually acknowledged that the least he could do to repay his debt was never to participate in the siege of the Wei Wuxian home again.

Wei Wuxian wasn't sure how Nie Huaisang had managed to deliver the first letter to him, but when his brother almost lost his life, Nie Huaisang was willing to do anything. And Wei Wuxian understood that.

That's why Wei Wuxian's exchange of the polite "Chífēng-zūn," "Master Wei," was a really pleasant start to the day. Long ago, Wei Wuxian persuaded the Nie brothers not to call him Yiling Patriarch. On the one hand, he never really agreed with the title, and on the other, he didn't make any sense at all. If anyone was the sovereign ruler of their village, it was Wen Qing. And they had nothing to do with Yiling at all.

Wei Wuxian watched the arrival of all the contestants from both small and large sects and watched Jin Rulan with interest. Did he know that it was Wei Wuxian who chose his name? What was he like? Was he arrogant after his father? Calm after his mother?

'Please gods, just don't have the temperament of Madame Yu!' Wei Wuxian prayed inaudibly, clutching a box of gift he had created sixteen years ago and never got to pass on. He planned to hand it over after the games. Or send A'Yuan with it.

"Master Wei, I'd like to follow up on our conversation yesterday," Lan Xichen said as Wei Wuxian looked around the crowd.

Yin cultivator turned to the sect Leader and nodded that he was ready to continue.

"You said it wouldn't hurt to let some people into your home. I guess you meant you would want to know these people," Lan Xichen suggested.

"The truth is not so much about knowing them. Honestly, I don't remember the people from Cultivation World much anymore. Rather, I would be willing to allow to enter only a small

group of those who were not on the Qiongqi Path. I'm sure you'll understand why, "Wei Wuxian clarified the situation, watching Lan Xichen cover his head understandingly, and also a little sadly.

"Yes, that's right. We ourselves had an internal investigation at the time. It turned out that those who were part of the attack were recruited by Su She. Of course, everyone was punished for acting behind the sect. But Su She was never found," said Lan Xichen. Wei Wuxian heard little about it when he started corresponding with Nie Huaisang, but he didn't get much detail.

"It simply came to my notice then. That day he tried to manipulate resentful energy in order for me to lose control. He didn't succeed and Wen Ning and I dragged him to Burial Mounds. After a few months of cultivating Yin inexperienced, he went crazy and took his own life, "Wei Wuxian informed them, pretending not to hear a small gasp from the Lan brothers.

"If he succeeded," Lan Xichen said frightenedly. "I would probably kill them all there," Wei Wuxian finished.

"But even the fact that everyone survived didn't stop anyone from besieging my home," Wei Wuxian added. Maybe he shouldn't mention the past that much, after all remind them of the situation.

On the contrary, as there was an awkward pause, Wei Wuxian felt the need to ease the tension he had caused in his words. "It is the past. Does Zéwú-jūn mean any specific adepts to visit the Burial Mounds? " he asked to change the subject." Except for Lan Zhan, who already has the promised approach from me, " he added with a look at Lan Wangji.

"I meant a couple of our senior students with Uncle as an escort," Lan Xichen replied, giving his brother a small smile that Wei Wuxian could only describe as testing. But he couldn't think of a single reason why Lan Xichen should tease his brother.

"If Lan Qiren promises not to condemn my protégés and the people of the Burial Mounds, I have no problem with that."

"That's an understandable requirement," Lan Xichen acknowledged.

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It took almost the entire game to agree on all the details of the Lans course, as Wei Wuxian called it. Wei Wuxian just registered when Jin Rulan placed fourth in archery, let alone being able to watch juniors of all sects in all games.

At the end, he called his students and handed the box to Wen Yuan with a message about what it was. He reminded them to behave decently and sent all three to the Jin delegation. At silent remark from Xue Guoshi: "Coward," he responded by saying what his students were for, if not to send them to take care of his affairs.

Mo XuanYu laughed discreetly, and Xue Yang shifted his poking annoyance to the shy man.

Wei Wuxian, along with Lan Wangji, who did not seem to want to separate from him sometime soon, walked slowly through the city. He had no specific goal or anything to do.

Wei Wuxian spent the rest of the afternoon and evening with Lan Wangji. He didn't talk much, but Wei Wuxian didn't expect him to. Instead, Wei Wuxian himself spoke of the talismans and other inventions he and his disciples had developed over the years.

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The final day of Discussion Conference, Wei Wuxian went to Unclean Realm in a good mood and with Lan Wangji by his side. He sent his students in advance so they could see what the preparations for the end of the Discussion Conference look like.

Wei Wuxian even spinning with Chenqing in his fingers, muttering a melody he hadn't been able to banish in his mind since the war. He didn't remember where he heard it, only that it felt safe, calm. Everything seemed to be going well, so Wei Wuxian was glad to put his trust in Nie Huaisang.

Up in front of the door to Unclean Realm he felt resentful energy in the air. Other than the usual souls of animals from sabers Nie cultivators. He knew immediately that something must have happened.

He didn't even look at Lan Wangji before drawing his sword with a stony expression and slamming the door to the entrance hall. There he had a look that made the blood clot in his veins.

His beloved disciples stood lined with three hundred cultivators with bows pointed at them. They missed their swords, as did the Xue Yang flute E-Méng. Both Xue Guoshi and Mo XuanYu stood as if protecting the youngest of them. In positions ready to defend with bare hands. And Wen Yuan? He stood crouched between his brothers, red blood splattering from his side and his legs breaking as he weakened. At that moment, Wei Wuxian cared about the lives of none other than his students.

"WHO DARE TO INJURY MY SON AND ATTACK MY PROTEGÉS ?" He thundered as his voice carried through the entire Unclean Realm premises. He suddenly appeared to his students, as if he were traveling in the shadows.

"Baba," Wen Yuan whispered almost inaudibly, and his legs couldn't stand it anymore, so he fell straight into Wei Wuxian's arms.

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't kill you now," Wei Wuxian turned to the sect leaders at the far end of the hall, nodding at Mo XuanYu to begin imparting spiritual energy to Wen Sizhui. Mo XuanYu may not have been strongest, but at least he could help somehow.

"Wei Ying, let me help," said Lan Wangji, walking toward them.

"Dare to take one more step Lan Wangji!" Wei Wuxian growled at him warningly, and to confirm his words, he made his Qi an impermeable barrier around himself and his disciples.

As Mo XuanYu began working to stop Wen Yuan's bleeding, Wei Wuxian turned to Xue Yang. "What happened?" He asked, his voice lacking the usual tenderness.

"We came and everything looked normal before they pounced on us, took our weapons and aimed arrows. Sizhui defended his sword as best he could, but as they took it, they stabbed him," Xue Yang summed up quickly, and Wei Wuxian turned to the sect leaders.

He was able to register that the leaders of the top four sects looked confused and apologetic, as if they had nothing to do with it. Except for Jiang Wanjin, he just frowned. But it didn't matter to Wei Wuxian. Someone had to pay.

"Either you tell me immediately who is responsible for this, or you will all bear the consequences," he said, glancing directly at the leader and then at the archer. Half of them bowed their bows.

"Baba, think of A'Mei," Wen Yuan whispered, reaching out to his father. His wound was beginning to heal, but the loss of blood could not be repaired with spiritual energy. His face was pale and his cheekbones raised. Wei Wuxian knew that the sight would haunt him forever.

"Just for A'Mei, I can't let them get away with it," he said softly to his A'Yuan, stroking the hair on his head.

"SO SOMEONE WILL ANSWER ME, OR ARE YOU MUCH PUPPY, WHILE ATTACKING THE CHILDREN IS YOUR OWN?" He shouted at the whole hall again, his voice reinforced by his Qi, sending a wave of energy around him, knocking most of them to their knees.

"Wei xiong, I swear I and the Da-ge had no idea about this," Nie Huaisang swore immediately with a shakeing hand, and his brother, who was standing behind him, nodded in agreement. "We would never attack innocent children," Chifēng-zūn confirmed firmly, and Wei Wuxian trusted him. In the years when he corresponded with both brothers, he knew what their character was. How between the archers appeared Nie men, they seemed unconscious.

"We don't know what's going on here either." said Lan Xichen.

"I really have no idea what a couple of my students are doing there, but they're talking about punishment by Zidian," Jiang Wanjin growled, his ring throwing purple sparks all around the Leader.

So only Jin Zixuan and the leaders of the smaller sects remained. Wei Wuxian turned his red gaze on them, but Jin Zixuan looked among the archers. Specifically to the man who seemed to be at their head.

Gradually, sects Chang, Bao, Wang, He, Qin and Ouynag also said that they did not know what was happening before the sect Leader Yao came out and pointed his finger shamelessly.

"What, the Wen-dog has nothing to do here!" He said, earning Wei Wuxian full attention.

"You call my son like that again and I'll let you meet the real Wen cultivators I massacred during the war," his icy voice seemed to cool the room, and another wave of red energy sent Leader Yao straight to the ground. Wei Wuxian held his A'Yuan in his arms while Mo XuanYu supplied him with spiritual energy at constant tempos.

"Wei Ying, I can help," Lan Wangji said again, standing close to the Wei Wuxian barrier. Wei Wuxian chose to ignore him and focused on Jin Zixuan instead.

"Sect Leader Jin seems to have an idea of what happened here," he said to his former shijie's husband, who winced and looked Wei Wuxian in the eye, which he looked away at immediately.

"I think all this was prepared by my cousin, just as an attack on the Qiongqi Path was prepared by him," Jin Zixuan finally said, embarrassed and bowed his head. „Acts a liability, and guarantees that he will be punished. "

"I hope it's clear to you that I don't trust you in this. Apparently he wasn't stopped by the first warning sixteen years ago. I will take care of his punishment myself this time," Wei Wuxian said, glancing at Jin Zixuan to try to oppose him. The Sect Leaders knew very well that when Wei Wuxian asked only for his cousin, it was a mercy. He could ask for punishment of all who aimed bows with arrows at his disciples.

"How are you doing baobei? Will you be able to travel with me?" Wei Wuxian asked gently, running his fingers over his son's cheek. The color was slowly returning, but it was still clear that he needed Wen Qing and at least two days in bed.

"Baba will keep me safe," Sizhui muttered in agreement, cuddling with Wei Wuxian's hand. Yin cultivator couldn't help but smile at his son.

He immediately called the swords of his disciples to him. They, like their owners, recognized him as Master, so they obeyed immediately and Bǎihé, E-Méng and Guàiwù returned to the hands of their masters. Suibian joined Zuìhòu by Wei Wuxian's side.

Wei Wuxian rose, and with his son in arms he turned to their eldest. "You have permission to use all possible resources to transport Jin's cousin to the Burial Mounds," he said seriously, and Xue Yang nodded understandingly. „Let know Wen Qing, "he announced, and by the time Jin's cousin could say another word, he was out of Unclean Realm.

Wei Wuxian looked at the gathering and shook his head sadly. "At first I was hoping that my family would be able to stop hiding. I guess I was naive. Goodbye," he said to the cultivators, drawing his sword. He urged Mo XuanYu to stand on Zuìhòu behind him, as he had exhausted his spiritual energy to heal Wen Sizhui, and flew with both of his boys in the same direction as Xue Guoshi.

He ignored a few voices shouting at him and fly away at full speed. He knew he wouldn't catch up with Xue Yang, and he didn't plan to. He just wanted to be gone as soon as possible.

Away from the sects who let their students freely plan the attacks. Away from hypocrites who were only interested in fame and not in lives. Away from a world he didn't belong to long



ago. He was still thinking about them, hoping to see again his old family and friends. Away from Jiang Yanli, Jiang Wanjin, Jin Rulan, Lan Xichen ...

Away from Lan Wangji.

Wei Wuxian was not a fool, or at least not so big. He had long since figured out why he cared so much about Lan Wangji's attention and recognition in his youth. He thought he had recovered from that young love, after sixteen years of not seeing him. And yet, when he saw him again, he had a conversation with him again ... His heart was beating as loud as it had years ago. He couldn't be happier when he said he missed Wei Wuxian.

But Wei Wuxian couldn't think of that. His students came first. His students and children, whom he raised and loved as his own. His A'Yuan, who lay unconscious in his arms.

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It took three days for Wei Wuxian and his students to reach Yilling, where Xue Guoshi was already waiting for them at the city gates.

Wei Wuxian had to stop for the nights. Not that he needed it so much, but Mo XuanYu had to sleep to replenish his spiritual energy, so he could give it to Wen Yuan.

As Wei Wuxian sank with his sword, Mo XuanYu jumped down and was immediately encouraged again to stand up by his material brother on his Guàiwù.

"Wen Qing has a bed and medicine ready for Sizhui in the infirmary. Teacher Qiónglín guards the barrier, but no one has appeared. I arrived alone yesterday and put Jin in the same whole thing as Su She was, "Xue Yang shouted at him through the wind, and Wei Wuxian could do no more than nod to the sign that he was listening.

He was beginning to be more exhausted than he had been for years. Flying for three days, albeit with short breaks, with two adults was strenuous even for his strong core.

Wei Wuxian did not stop for a moment as they crossed the barrier and headed straight for the village at the foot of the mountain. Like a whirlwind, he rushed straight to the infirmary building, where he jumped off his sword, leaving him on the ground, and was already putting Wen Yuan into the bed, which Wen Qing was standing beside.

She was immediately put in control of the injury, which had already begun to contract thanks to the transfusion from Mo XuanYu and was no longer bleeding.

Xue Yang put Mo XuanYu on the next bed, where the already fully recovered Go Hua immediately jumped on him and also checked his best friend's condition.

"Go tell Wen Ning to stay on patrol, but not to show up. It's still possible that someone was followed us," Wei Wuxian said with one breath and sat down on the floor next to Wen Yuan's bed.

He could no longer see Xue Guoshi leave. Nor how Wen Qing poured into Wen Yuan medicine. He didn't begin to notice anything, until Go Hua breathed a sigh of relief and

hugged Mo XuanYu, who was still unconscious.

"He is at the bottom with spiritual energy and has a weakened immunity. Two days of drinking our tea and two weeks without strenuous activities and he will be like new," said a young girl in medical clothes and with dark brown hair in a high ponytail.

Wei Wuxian opened his eyes in relief and gave the girl a smile before turning to Wen Qing's verdict.

"He will need a regular supply of spiritual energy for five days to heal completely. Three consecutive weeks without cultivation," Wen Qing determined firmly, and Wei Wuxian was completely relieved.

He noticed Wen Qing take his wrist to check his condition and then say firmly, "And you need at least two days of uninterrupted sleep. You may be powerful, but I know when you're not sleeping and you know what it does to you with temperament! "

Of course she was right. Wei Wuxian did not need to sleep unless he had exhausted the power of his Qi. But if so, sleep was a duty. Even though it didn't kill him, he was uncomfortable with everyone around him and his mood jumped. And so it could happen that his Qi would destroy entire houses without good reason.

Wei Wuxian nodded captivantly and had Lian Funghe, Lian Hong's father, dragged into his house in the middle of the village. He left the cave as his home when he accepted Xue Guoshi as a student and instead built a larger house where street children had the opportunity to live with him.

Wei Wuxian did not know how Lian Funghe laid him on the bed. He barely realized where he was before he was completely asleep.

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

This chapter is a little shorter, but I hope you will find it satisfying. I was really looking forward to this scene. 😊

Wei Wuxian did sleep for two days straight, as ordered by Wen Qing. He never woke up, and in the meantime, his Qi returned to its original state. Wei Wuxian woke up fresh in the morning, rested, and didn't even change before he ran out of his house and was already in the infirmary. There, an already awakened Mo XuanYu in the company of Go Hua smiled at him.

"How are you feeling A'Yu?" Wei Wuxian asked, walking over to his student to ruffle his hair.

"Much better Master. I'll have to drink tea today, "he pointed to a cup of black water that was smoking," but then I can go back to my bed and go for walks," the young man finished cheerfully, and Go Hua just nodded in agreement.

Immediately, Wei Wuxian turned to Wen Sizhui. He looked much healthier. He had his natural color on his cheeks and he no longer had such protruding bones. His chest was wrapped in a fresh white cloth and lifted regularly.

"Wen Qing, Lian Funghe and Se Yongji take turns giving him spiritual energy. He woke up yesterday and asked about you before he fell asleep again. Since then, his condition has improved," Go Hua said in a low voice. Wei Wuxian stood at A'Yuan's head of the bed and stroked his son's cheek.

"Sounds good," said the man, who suddenly seemed exactly as old as he was. He studied his son's face, smoothing his restless hair on a pillow.

"What are you doing here? And dressed like that? Get out, get dressed, have breakfast and greet your daughter!" Wen Qing burst into her territory and in a quiet, stern tone, sent Wei Wuxian away, almost pulling him by the ear.

Wei Wuxian obeyed, and then, with Wei Mei crying at his side, he walked through the village, promising her never to leave for so long. Maybe never.

Like that, he found Xue Yang, in the middle of the street. As soon as they saw him, they immediately surrounded him. Se Maoge and Yan Qiang, both more active than anyone else at the age of ten and more, lunged at him, each embracing him around one leg. Lian Hong, a twelve-year-old girl, followed the boy and pressed her head close to Wei Mei's stomach.

They weren't the only kids in Burial Mounds, but the others were probably with their parents. Lian Hong was the only one present to have a father, but he helped with all the teaching and healing where the golden core was needed. He was one of the few adult cultivators Wei Wuxian did not teach at Burial Mounds.

"Hello, so how were you when I was gone? I hope you didn't bully teacher Qionglin again," Wei Wuxian said to the children with love and continued on his journey without difficulty, as if the three beginning cultivators and his daughter weighed nothing.

The children began to shout at him about their learning progress, and Wei Wuxian stroked his daughter's back, indicating that she still felt she was with him.

Together with a bunch of children and Xue Yang by his side, he went to the dining hall in his house. There, everyone sat down and went to eat the breakfast that had already been prepared by their fourth aunt. Mo XuanYu and Go Hua usually sat with them, but they stayed together in the infirmary. This meant that Wei Wuxian could keep A'Mei with him for food and listen happily to her chatter.

At the same time, he listened to the other children and warned them here and there not to throw food at each other, as Se Maoge and Lian Hong used to.

It was only after breakfast that Wei Wuxian found himself alone. The children went to their calligraphy lesson and Wei Mei was handed over to her third aunt. Only then did Wei Wuxian go to the barrier to Wen Ning.

"Wuxian," his old friend said in a slightly hoarse voice. It took almost seven years for Wei Wuxian to persuade him to stop calling him Master Wei. It was an address for his students, not a friend.

"Wen Ning, what does it look like?" Wei Wuxian asked curiously. Until then, he didn't allow himself to let the children worry about them. They deserved a carefree childhood.

"A letter came from sect Leader Nie. And the second Master Lan has been walking by the barrier since yesterday morning. He doesn't attack at all, but he got through the maze quite easily," Wen Ning replied, handing over the sealed letter to Wei Wuxian.

"It isn't suprising. It's almost impossible to confuse him," he muttered to himself, glancing over at Wen Ning. He frowned.

"You haven't changed and washed for a few days. Again. That's my example for the little ones!" he said critically. "Just go, I'll go talk to Lan Zhan," he added, waving at him to leave.

As soon as he could, Wei Wuxian began to demand the same maneuvers from Wen Ning as from the others in the Burial Mounds. He found that the children were in the habit of doing what the adults around them were doing, so a pack of children ran around the village with ungroomed hair full of twigs and grass and in torn clothes. At first it was fun, but then they went to bed dirty and who would want to wash it?

As Wen Ning left, Wei Wuxian tucked the letter in his sleeve and crossed the barrier. He carefully renewed it every year, so it was as strong as the first.

Wei Wuxian stood with his back to the barrier and looked around for Lan Wangji to showed up. He was sure it would turn out, he was too stubborn to give up after one day. Wei Wuxian only hoped that he would not be tried to persuade him to leave his family from the Burial Mounds.

Honestly, Wei Wuxian had no idea what Lan Wangji might want from him. He could think, he could guess, but in reality he couldn't be sure.

"Wei Ying," said voice at Wei Wuxian's right, and immediately turned behind the sound of voices. Lan Wangji stood there in all his beauty. In light blue robes, with Bichen at his waist and a white ribbon around his forehead. He had an atypical expression on his face. which Wei Wuxian could not classify, and his golden eyes looked desperate.

"Lan Zhan, what are you doing here?" Wei Wuxian asked, his legs protruding protectively. Despite his personal feelings for Lan Wangji, the Wei Wuxian's role as protector of the Burial Mounds and its inhabitants was foremost.

"Sect Leader Jiang and Madame Jin plan to come in a few days," Lan Wangji said instead, answering, taking a few steps toward Wei Wuxian.

"They can plan whatever they want, but I won't let anyone in. The risk isn't worth it," Wei Wuxian countered." And that still doesn't explain what you're doing here?" he asked again.

"I want to be with Wei Ying," Lan Wangji said, taking a few more steps so they were only an arm's length apart.

"But why ?!" Wei Wuxian ran out of patience and shouted.

Before he could continue, Lan Wangji was in his immediate vicinity. Lan Wangji palms on each side of Wei Wuxian's face and Lan Wangji lips on Wei Wuxian's. It was not a gentle kiss. On the contrary, he was fierce and clumsy. Lan Wangji pushed his lips, perhaps too hard, while keeping Wei Wuxian's head in check.

It only took a moment, but Wei Wuxian still had plenty of time to look closely at Lan Wangji's face. Lan Wangji himself had his eyes closed so tightly that his eyelids were shaking.

When Lan Wangji pulled away, just a short distance to disconnect their lips, Wei Wuxian stood as frozen as a statue. Lan Wangji moved his arms around the Wei Wuxian shoulders and pressed your face into the Wei Wuxian neck. Wei Wuxian almost bathed in the scent of sandalwood. Lan Wangji's body, pressed so tightly against Wei Wuxian's that it was a miracle that Wei Wuxian's bones remained intact, was almost hot.

"Let me stay with Wei Ying. I'll leave Bichen in front of the barrier, lock my core. I can't do another decade without Wei Ying," Lan Wangji murmured into Wei Wuxian's neck with such pain in his voice that Wei Wuxian was familiar. 'I guess I wasn't the only one,' Wei Wuxian

thought, finally recovering from the shock. He slowly raised his hands, and wrapped them around Lan Wangji's waist. With small movements, he began stroking his back as Lan Wangji exhaled deeply, having to hold his breath the whole time, Wei Wuxian thought.

"Lan Zhan, will you look at me?" He asked kindly and smiled as his arms tightened around his shoulders.

"Let me stay," Lan Wangji whispered hopelessly.

"I won't send you away, ok? Look at me, A'Zhan," Wei Wuxian asked him again, in the same tone as he spoke to the children newly brought to the Burial Mounds, and trembling Lan Wangji nodded and began to pull away. He let go of his hands a little, but still touching Wei Wuxian's shoulders, afraid to break contact.

As their eyes met, Wei Wuxian gave his zhiji a soft smile. Wei Wuxian raised one of his hands and stroked Lan Wangji's cheek, the light blue man leaning into the touch. 'Like a wild animal,' Wei Wuxian smiled to himself and enjoyed Lan Wangji's delicate alabaster skin under his fingers.

Then, when he was tired enough, he leaned over Lan Wangji and pressed a delicate kiss to his lips. Lan Wangji's eyes widened in surprise before he hid his head in Wei Wuxian's neck again.

Wei Wuxian wasn't sure how long the pair of men had stood there, only that after a while Lan Wangji began to toady more towards Wei Wuxian. Wei Wuxian already knew they should move home. Lan Wangji didn't seem to that his emotional mood should pass anytime soon. So he grabbed him around the waist, lifted him slightly, and stepped on his sword with him.

Lan Wangji let himself be carried without resistance. Wei Wuxian carried them around the village so that no one could see them. Not that Wei Wuxian wanted to keep Lan Wangji's presence a secret, but he didn't want people and children to stop them on the way to Wei Wuxian house. It was really lucky that Wei Wuxian built a two-floors house with the second floor for himself, while the children lived on the ground floor. Wei Wuxian didn't even bother to go through the main door and flew straight through the window into his room.

There wasn't much inside the room. Just a large bed with simple curtains, a wooden wardrobe on one side of the bed, a smaller table in the middle with two pillows for sitting and a wooden bathtub in the corner opposite the bed. The only unusual was a smaller bed on the other side next to the big one. But it was not so often used. Only a few days a week when Wei Mei had a bad night's sleep. Otherwise, she slowly got used to sleeping with the other children downstairs.

Lan Wangji looked curiously at the baby bed as Wei Wuxian set him next to the large bed on the floor.

"I'll tell you about that later, en?" Wei Wuxian said, sitting down on the bed, urging Lan Wangji to follow.

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Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji were lying on the bed for a few hours when the door to the stairs suddenly opened.

"Baba! Baba! Gege woke up!" Shouted the voice of a little girl dressed in gray and green. Lan Wangji immediately straightened up and looked in surprise at the five-year-old girl with the hair in her tangled buns. Her pale green eyes rolled at the stranger, she was surprised. The girl could be seen in the orange light of the setting sun, making her look especially beautiful.

"Baba?" She asked uncertainly when she noticed her father, who also sat up a little slower.

"A'Mei, come to me," Wei Wuxian urged the little girl, opening his arms to her. With just one eye, he caught a glimpse of Lan Wangji glancing at him for a moment before closing into a cold mask.

The girl was not idle and climbed on the bed to her father. "Introduce yourself," Wei Wuxian urged. "My name is Wei Mei," the little one obeyed, awkwardly bowing to Lan Wangji, sitting on Wei Wuxian's lap.

"This is Lan Wangji," he introduced him to his daughter Wei Wuxian. "She came to us like a baby," he whispered to Wangji's ear. Wei Wuxian did not know, how he would explain to the girl why she did not have a mother, but he intended to avoid it as long as possible. He didn't want her to have to ask one day why her parents had put her off.

Lan Wangji's eyes flashed with understanding, and gave Wei Wuxian an apologetic look. Wei Wuxian just smiled, understanding what Lan Wangji had to think first. The truth was that even some Burial Mounds did not know how Wei Mei got to them. These were the ones who came after her. Everyone took her as a full-fledged daughter of Wei Wuxian, and he himself sometimes forgot that she wasn't his blood.

"Hello," Lan Wangji greeted, timidly stroking the girl's head. She immediately smiled with her brightest smile she had learned from Wei Wuxian and lost all concern.

"Baba, Yuan-gege awoke from a cursed sleep. Aunt Qing says she's still weak, but she can move home," Wei Mei explained enthusiastically about her visit, and Wei Wuxian hugged her around the waist in unison.

"So we're going to pick up Yuan-gege, what do you say? And since he has to stay in bed, we'll have dinner with him," Wei Wuxian offered, and Wei Mei immediately got up happily and ran away from the room, probably going to tell everyone the news. Wei Wuxian couldn't help but snort. Thought about the reaction before turning to Lan Zhan.

He dropped the stone mask again and had a complex expression on his face. As if a surprise associated with affection.

"What do you say, you want to come with me to A'Yuan, or you'd rather wait here. Most of the children will probably be there. It will be quite crowded," Wei Wuxian asked with a warning, rising from his bed following the example of his own daughter.

Lan Wangji really thought about it for a moment before getting up and stepping on Wei Wuxian's side. That was the answer in itself.

Wei Wuxian led Lan Wangji through the village, explaining where what was. Fields with vegetables, rice or fruit trees were around the village, while the infirmary, the main dining room and Ancestral Hall were in the middle of the village.

Demon-Slaughtering Cave was only used for Yin cultivation, so it was visited only by Wei Wuxian, Xue Yang, Lian Hong and Se Maoge. From time to time even Wen Ning, but he did not go there for cultivation, but to stabilize the resentful energy in him when he became too emotional.

All this Wei Wuxian told Lan Wangji before they got in front of the infirmary building, from which the children spoke enthusiastically.

As he stepped inside, he was welcomed by Wen Yuan smiling in all directions, while his bed, which he was still sitting on, was occupied by a trio of Wei Mei, sitting almost to his chest, Lian Hong holding Wen Yuan by the leg, and Se Maoge, leaning his head on Wen Yuan's other leg.

Mo XuanYu was still in his bed with Go Hua and Xue Yang by his side. The remaining Yan Qiang stood with thirteen-year-old Zu Yewan (who was first born in the Burial Mounds and had both parents among the villagers), while Fu Bohe, Qir Tai, Xing Ji and Shu Tao, all aged six to nine (also had at least one parent in Burial Mounds), sitting on the floor between two beds.

Wei Wuxian was pleased that Lan Wangji was a little surprised by the number of children, even though he had been warned him. It was a bit of a shock to see thirteen children in one place, in all ages. Especially when Lan Wangji certainly knew only three of the elders.

"Baba!" Wen Sizhui was the first to notice them and smiled at his father. He was immediately followed by the mass "Master Wei," from the remaining children, to which Shu Tao and Fu Bohe rose and jumped on Wei Wuxian. The two were the second youngest, just in front of Wei Mei, so Wei Wuxian grabbed them lightly in his hands before moving on to A'Yuan.

"A'Yuan, how are you feeling?" He asked as he set the pair of boys back on the floor and walked over to the boy on the bed.

"Very well. I'm still a little weak. I'm looking forward to my own bed," the seventeen-year-old admitted, shaking on the bed as proof of his words.

"I'm not surprised, I wouldn't be able to lie on that hard bed either," Wei Wuxian sympathized.

"Huanguan-jun?" He greeted the question of the man still standing in the doorway. The other children looked at Lan Wangji with interest, but not fear. They knew that once Wei Wuxian let someone go behind the barrier, they were not in danger.



"Aya, don't scare him of for me, you little demons," Wei Wuxian laughed as Lan Wangji gave him a look, brushing the hair of one of the children occupying Wen Yuan's feet with each hand.

Wen Sizhui blushed a little over the remark, and Mo XuanYu bit him. Xue Yang just rolled his eyes annoyed, but didn't comment. Lan Wangji himself seemed at first glance to be unaffected, but Wei Wuxian noticed that the ends of his ears were red.

"Then we'll move you home, what do you say?" Wei Wuxian finally turned to his son and he eagerly agreed.

Se Maoge and Lian Hong finally let go of Wen Yuan's legs so that Wei Wuxian could take him in his arms and take him away. But Wei Mei refused to let go of her brother, so Wei Wuxian just sighed and took both of his children at once.

"And here we go," Wei Wuxian urged everyone, letting Lan Wangji walk by his side while the other children followed him back to his house as if they were ducks and he their mother. Wei Wuxian had to laugh briefly at the thought, then twist his head as his A'Yuan looked at him with a question.

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At dinner, the children who had their own homes with their parents separated from Wei Wuxian, so he stayed only with his students, Lan Wangji and Wei Mei.

Somewhere in the middle of the meal, they were joined by Wen Qing, who didn't look enthusiastic about eating by the bed, but said nothing. She checked the condition of Mo XuanYu and Wen Yuan and left again. Over the years, Wei Wuxian has only had dinner with his students in his house more often than in the communal dining room. Usually because he discussed with them what they were doing during the day, when he was not teaching them himself, and it was better to listen in the house than in the dining room full of the entire population of the village. Even so, he sat in the dining room with the students at least twice a week and had fun with everyone.

After the meal, Wei Wuxian sent the children to go wash and sleep while he and Lan Wangji went to the floor of the building.

Wei Mei protested a little, she didn't like being exchanged for Lan Wangji, but she was promised, by the red Sizhui, that she could lie with him. Xue Yang, who had already begun building his own house but still slept with Wei Wuxian, looked at them with a leading smile. Wei Wuxian had to inaudibly warn him not to say anything to the younger ones, because otherwise anyone would know what they had said. It was his favorite activity when he wasn't throwing the knife in his hand.

Xue Yang and Mo XuanYu were also the first with whom he had the Talk on how children were born. Wen Qing may have been a doctor, but she was still a woman, so in the case of the boys, it was on Wei Wuxian. Sure, he could pass it on to his uncles in the Burial Mounds, but they had a special sense of humor, so the gods knew what they would tell them. Wen Sizhui absorbed the conversation only three years after the oldest pair, and he blushed

constantly the following month. Soon Wei Wuxian was expecting the same conversation with Se Maoge and Yan Qiang, since they were already old enough.

Wei Wuxian was really grateful that Mo XuanYu took the explanation for why Lan Wangji was staying with him. "The Master has a personal visit, he certainly won't send him to sleep in the main building," which all the children took for granted.

Wei Wuxian packed water into a teapot on the table and placed a warming talisman on it. It was You Shi, so none of them were tired enough to sleep.

He was about to sit down at the table and invite Lan Wangji to follow him as strong hands hugged him from behind and his head pressed against his neck. Wei Wuxian placed his hands on Lan Wangji's hands and tilted his head to lean on his shoulders. Lan Wangji took a deep breath, as if inhaling its scent, then exhaled contentedly and rested his forehead completely on the hollow between his neck and shoulder.

"Clingy," Wei Wuxian muttered, moving one hand to Lan Wangji's, moving the other up, stroking Lan Wangji's hair. "Mn," Lan Wangji muttered in agreement, really more like a koala than a human at the time.

Wei Wuxian let out a throaty laugh and moved them both slowly to the bed in small steps. They only separated for a moment so that they could lie down before Wei Wuxian was laid under Lan Wangji, who seemed to be trying to hide him completely. Not that Wei Wuxian complained. On the contrary, he was quite as satisfied as he was.

However, he felt even better when Lan Wangji put his forehead to Wei Wuxian's and looked deep into his eyes. Wei Wuxian couldn't stand it anymore and with a raised head he put a small kiss on Lan Wangji's lips. Lan Wangji's eyes widened before he closed them and began to repeat Wei Wuxian's movement several times.

With every butterfly kiss Lan Wangji gave him, Wei Wuxian felt happier. His heart jumped in his chest and his cheeks flushed like never before. When Lan Wangji turned to kisses on the face and neck, mapping Wei Wuxian's curves, Wei Wuxian couldn't help but smile broadly.

"How could I be so stupid and not realize before how much I love you?" He whispered as he ran his fingers through his hair. This caused Lan Wangji to stop and stare at Wei Wuxian again. Luckily, Wei Wuxian he was already lying, because his legs softened under the sight, he would certainly fall.

"Wei Ying," he said with so much emotion that it wasn't possible. "Too soon? You can't blame me Lan Zhan, I've been in it for sixteen years! Thought it passed me by. But then I saw you again and realized how naive the idea was," Wei Wuxian laughed and ran his thumb over Lan Wangji's right cheekbone.

That was whether the last drop in the Lan Wangji's cup of patience, as he threw himself on Wei Wuxian's lips and instead of a light kiss gave him an open-mouth kiss. Determined and without hesitation, Lan Wangji's tongue rubbed against Wei Wuxian's lips and his heart

skipped a beat. He parted his own lips a little timidly, unable to help but escape a non-specific sound as their tongues touched.

Suddenly all hesitation was gone and Wei Wuxian allowed Lan Wangji's tongue to enter between his lips. Only the tip of his tongue licked his lips in kitten way, and Wei Wuxian couldn't get enough of that taste. With both hands, he pulled Lan Wangji closer, and his tongue set out on its own to explore.

Lan Wangji placed one large palm on his cheek and adjusted his head to a more comfortable angle with gentle pressure. As they both became more confident, their movements were deeper, hungrier. Before Wei Wuxian could continue, his belt was untied and his robes were opening around him. He was not idle, and as Lan Wangji pulled away for a moment to catch his breath, he tugged at his belt. "Off, off," he said, almost out of breath, and Lan Wangji obeyed immediately.

When their lips reconnected, their tongues no longer hesitated and intertwined in a single motion. At that moment, there were only the two of them in the world, careful hand touches on their bare chests and intense passionate kisses. Wei Wuxian could spend days at that moment and he wouldn't even realize it, Lan Wangji's lips engulfed him so much.

However, as is always the case with everything good, it had to end once. Wei Wuxian really tried to keep Lan Wangji with him for as long as possible, to continue kissing for as long as possible, but they still had to start slowing down until they finally ended where they started. In a simple press of the lips.

The difference was that they were barely breathing, their lips were swollen, and where Wei Wuxian had red cheeks, Lan Wangji's ears and his neck were red. Lan Wangji could barely hang the robes on him, some even slipping out of one of his hands and just lying on his back. Wei Wuxian robes were perfectly open, and some were even torn by Lan Wangji pulling them. Wei Wuxian did not know when he wrapped his legs around Lan Wangji's waist, gripping him with such force that he was surprised that Lan Wangji could still breathe.

All that could be heard in the room was their heavy breathing, which synchronized, and Lan Wangji's hands ran out of strength, so he lay down on Wei Wuxian with all his weight, his head resting on his bare chest.

"I love Wei Ying," he whispered before plunging to sleep at the sound of his heart beating under his ear.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wei Wuxian spent the whole night awake, hidden under Lan Wangji. He combed the hair on his back with his fingers and smiled contentedly as once in a while Lan Wangji let out a slightly deeper exhalation than the previous ones. Otherwise he didn't move at all, he didn't make any sounds. 'Perfect Lan,' he couldn't help himself, and the thought occupied his mind.

As Lan Wangji began to wake up slowly, the sun was already high in the sky. The fact that Lan Wangji was returning from the land of dreams was revealed to him by the fact that he began to move his head slightly to the sides and then a grunt escaped his lips. Wei Wuxian could only help but laugh at it, which Lan Wangji woke up completely.

"Good morning, sleepyhead, you took your time today," he spoke to him tenderly, continuing to stroke his hair. Lan Wangji rose in surprise when he heard Wei Wuxian's voice. He looked at him in large golden circles and his ears reddened. However, he did not turn away.

"Good morning, Wei Ying," Lan Wangji fondly replied, his lips curling slightly, barely noticeable. Wei Wuxian gasped in pleasure and pressed his palm to Lan Wangji's face. "Beautiful," he whispered to himself. Lan Wangji hid his head in Wei Wuxian's neck and took a deep breath. Wei Wuxian couldn't help himself again and laughed, this time it was more because Lan Wangji's hair was lying on his bare chest. 'Next time we have to change first,' Wei Wuxian remarked as he looked at the pile of crumpled robes that had partially fallen from the bed to the floor. Wei Wuxian had the idea that if Lan Wangji didn't have spare clothes, he would have to borrow some of his. They were about the same height, so it could work. The image of Lan Wangji in his robes caused him unusual warmth in his chest.

"What would you like to do today? I have complete time off, I won't take the children's lessons back from the fifth aunt and Lian Funghé until tomorrow," Wei Wuxian asked curiously. He remembered what Lan Wangji had told him when he asked him to visit, so he wondered if he should ask him for company at teaching.

"I want to meet your family," Lan Wangji replied firmly, rolling over from Wei Wuxian to the side. Wei Wuxian lay on his side so they could look them straight in the eye.

"I remember," Wei Wuxian smiled softly, and he must have remembered the first few months when freshly learning twelve-year-old Xue Yang was walking up the mountain.

Wei Wuxian knew that he was still a little ashamed of the circumstances that had brought him to him, so only a few people knew about them. He gained Wei Wuxian's trust a long time ago, so there was no need to develop further. If Xue Guoshi didn't want to talk about it himself, Wei Wuxian didn't want to mention it either.

"Mn," Lan Wangji agreed, looking at his robes with a frown.

"I'll lend you some of mine," Wei Wuxian assured him, getting up reluctantly to go to the closet and pull out two sets of robes. One in gray and black for himself, the other in deep blue with white embroidered dirt-repellent talismans for Lan Wangji. "They'll be a little tight for you," he said teasing as he placed them in his lap. Lan Wangji was more muscular than Wei Wuxian, that was a simple fact. Not that Wei Wuxian was not strong and muscular, but he had natural narrower waist.

"Thank you," Lan Wangji said, looking around the room a little shyly. He probably wanted to change in private, even though his chest was already exposed. Wei Wuxian took pity on his clumsy gaze.

"When you're done, go downstairs," he said, and with his robes in his hands and those torn at the shoulders, he walked out the door. There, Wei Wuxian moved quickly and changed, taking a green ribbon in his hair, for leaving his own in his bedroom, and tying it in a tall bun, still looking like a few strands of it, but not much to do with it.

Wei Wuxian then stood under the stairs. He expected Lan Wangji to take longer to adjust the exterior. He could hear Lian Hong and Zu Yewan sitting next to Wen Sizhui. He didn't hear what they were talking about, but it sounded like they had a pleasant conversation. Lian Hong, Zu Yewan, Se Maoge and Yan Qiang were closest to Wen Yuan in age, even though they were still younger.

Thanks to their presence, he could deduce that it must have been around Wu Shi. That ended the morning school for lunch. In the morning they had theoretical lessons. The youngest calligraphy and etiquette, the older basics of cultivation and the oldest advanced self-study in the form of books or experiments. Wei Wuxian always had to be present for that.

In the afternoon, archery lessons, sword exercises (wooden for the younger ones, a blunt rehearsal for the middle group) or the study of live monsters or yao, which Wei Wuxian and Wen Ning caught in the deeper parts of the Burial Mounds, alternated.

As Lan Wangji came down the stairs in blue robes, Wei Wuxian had to brag in his mind. Blue was Lan Wangji's color, it looked better than mourning white. He was about to leave the house toward the dining room when Mo XuanYu appeared in front of him, short of breath and panic in his eyes.

"A'Yu, you have been clearly told that you can only take short slow walks. Definitely not running!" Wei Wuxian frowned.

"Master, barrier," he said, swaying and almost falling to the ground. Fortunately, Wei Wuxian caught him and carried him inside in his arms.

As he entered, Wen Yuan and his material siblings fell silent. "He ran and exhausted himself. Make sure he stays in bed for the rest of the day. When he wakes up, you will tell him that I take care of it," he said towards the bed, around which sat children who nodded seriously in agreement.

Wei Wuxian covered Mo XuanYu in his bed before turning and with a determined expression, and Lan Wangji behind him walked right through the village to the barrier. To the place

where the road to Yilling led.

"Please stay behind the barrier before I find out what's going on. Here, when I know it's safe, I'll let you know," Wei Wuxian said, and with a short incantation, handed the red tassel as they both stopped at the smoke wall of pulsing energy. Lan Wangji seemed ready to argue, to go with Wei Wuxian. "If it's serious, I need you to stay here. If something happens to me, the barrier will fall, in which case I need you to take care of the children," he said seriously. It may have seemed paranoid, but it was a system they had agreed with Wen Ning years ago. And when Wei Wuxian did not see Wen Ning, he assumed he was on the other side of the barrier. So he needed someone in his place.

Lan Wangji grunted in agreement and grabbed the tassel between his fingers. With that information, it must have been clear to him what confidence Wei Wuxian placed in him.

"It's possible that it's the sect Leader Jiang and Madam Jin," he said, as if trying to calm him down. Wei Wuxian didn't answer, and walked through the wall with a protective hand on the hilt of his sword.

What greeted him on the other hand seemed unrealistic. Wen Ning, surrounded by No brothers, Jiang Wanjin, Jiang Yanli, Jin Zixuan, Lan Xichen and Lan Qiren. Or not so surrounded, but rather standing opposite them in a tense position, but not in defensive mode.

Wei Wuxian stood by Wen Ning's side and placed a hand on his shoulder in a reassuring gesture.

"Wuxian," Wen Ning said, clearly relaxing. Wei Wuxian ignored the startled gasp and focused only on his brother instead.

"Didi, what's going on? A'Yu looked worried, "he asked.

"Sect Leader Nie and his brother came together with sect Leader Lan, teacher Lan, sect Leader Jin, sect Leader Jiang and Madam Jin. Somehow they managed to draw attention to themselves, and XuanYu was close. He found me and I sent him to you while I set out to find out what it was. So far, only sect Leader Nie told me that they would like to talk to you, that they do not want us to close ourselves completely to the world again," Wen Ning explained the situation and looked at the barrier, asking if he should return. Wei Wuxian twisted slightly in the answer and turned to the group.

"Well, you wanted to talk, so talk," he said with an icy look. Jiang Yanli took a step forward, and before she could say anything, Wei Wuxian turned to her.

"Madam Jin," he said, determining how he should be addressed himself. Formally, without nicknames or full names. He would have liked to skip the title, but he wasn't sure if his wish would come true.

Then he suddenly straightened when he felt the familiar twitch in his chest and turned to Wen Ning. "Half li to the west, three people," he said, and Wen Ning disappeared into the woods to his right.

"So you brought an advance, or perhaps spies? Hoping to sneak into my home while you lure me out?" he asked.

"Wei xiong, you know I wouldn't do that!" Nie Huaisang countered immediately, and Wei Wuxian had to admit that he knew Nie Huaisang well enough to know that he wouldn't plan something like that. And maybe his brother, if he still believed he was Wei Wuxian dangerous, but otherwise not.

"You and your brother are the only ones I believe that are not part of it," he said to the green-and-brown couple, and Nie Huaisang breathed a sigh of relief. Nie Mingyue, too, seemed pleased with the statement. Both brothers probably remembered the promise, which they given years ago.

Lan Qiren, on the other hand, looked deeply offended, his nephew looked at his sworn brother in surprise, and Jin Zixuan just hung his head in shame. 'He must have heard similar assumptions all the time after the world learned of the actions of his father and half-brother. And his cousin now,' Wei Wuxian thought, almost regretting his former rival. Almost. It reminded him that he should find out from Xue Yang how their prisoner had settled.

Jiang's siblings looked more at each other as if they didn't know what to say.

Wen Ning had already returned with his hands full of boys aged about sixteen, seventeen.

"If these are spies, you're training them pretty young," Wei Wuxian smiled, relaxing a little at the sight of the three boys sitting on the ground in front of the adults, looking rather embarrassed.

"Sect Leader,"

"Baba, A'Niang,"

"Why did I go with you?"

There was a voice from the three at the same time, and Wei Wuxian laughed hard. The atmosphere suddenly relaxed, and Lan Xichen even raised the corner of his mouth above his student. Lan Qiren didn't even look surprised, more like he wanted to slap his forehead.

"Jin Ling, what are you doing here?" Jiang Wanjin asked angrily toward the boy in gold, and Zidian sparkled. Jin Rulan seemed to prefer to fall to the ground before his mother walked over to him and repeated the question. Wei Wuxian took advantage, that the attention was mostly on the boys and sent a strip of energy toward the barrier at the other end of which Lan Wangji was waiting.

"I wanted to know if Wen Sizhui was okay," Jin Rulan muttered, all red. His companions covered their heads in agreement that they, too. "He was bleeding quite a bit and looked so pale!" agreed unknown student, in Ouyang clan colors. Light green and white.

"Wen Sizhui will be fine," said Lan Wangji, coming out from behind the barrier as if it were nothing. 'And they say I love drama,' Wei Wuxian smiled.

"Huanguan-Jun!" Lan's disciple said enthusiastically, rising to walk over to him.

"Jingyi," Lan Wangji said, and Wei Wuxian knew right away that it must have been a disciple that Lan Wangji had taught for a few years and took into liking him.

"Wangji," he addressed his brother Zéwú-jūn, not at all surprised to see him.

"Brother, Uncle," Lan Wangji formally greeted his family, a little resembling the man Wei Wuxian had found behind the barrier the day before. Wei Wuxian.

"So when we figured out that these three weren't spies and that they had nothing to do here, would you finally tell me what you want?" It would be polite to invite them for tea, but they really couldn't expect him to.

"Master Wei, we wanted to talk once more about not closing yourself behind the barrier completely. I understand that after what happened in Unclean Relam you have doubts, but we would really like to establish a relationship between sects and your clan. I think it would be beneficial for you too if your students could move more in the outside world," said Lan Xichen.

"Really, Wei xiong, Da-ge and I planned the Discussion Conference so that sect Leaders would have peace and have other things to do. Our students even had the task of distracting other cultivators, so your protégés moved freely and did not have to defend themselves against the prejudices of others! Thirteen years ago, we began teaching our students to judge people by their actions, not the means they use! I'm pretty sure your people in Qinghe wouldn't be in danger at a time when cultivators from other sects are almost non-existent!" Said Nie Huaisang enthusiastically. Lan Xichen looked at the Nie brothers again in surprise, and Jiang Wanjin straightened up.

"What has Wei Wuxian got to do with your sect that you're trying so hard to help him?" He asked roughly toward Nie Mingyue.

"I guess it's no longer a secret to keep it a secret. It's mostly your secret, I just helped a little, "Wei Wuxian shrugged." It's up to you whether you want to say it or not. "

He said, but turned his head, suddenly uneasy. He looked inconspicuously at Jin Rulan and Jiang Yanli, who were standing close together and the mother whispered something in her son's ear. 'He has her eyes,' Wei Wuxian noticed only now, smiling. Then his gaze went to Jin Rulan's belt and he was really pleased to find that he had a silver bell with him, which Wei Wuxian had created years ago.

Jin Zixuan seemed to want to say something, but he didn't know how, so he kept turning his head to Wei Wuxian and then looked away again.

"Xichen, do you remember what happened thirteen years ago?" Nie Mingyue asked his sworn brother.

"Jin Guangyao caused your Qi devastation," Zéwú-jūn replied sadly.

"At that time, Huaisang learned about the secrets of our sabers. He began to work hard on something, always in the library or in the training fields. Something even exploded during



one of your visits there, remember? Then he stopped for two months and instead took over the post sect Leader. All the while, you and Wangji visited Unclean Relam and played Cleaning for me. Then I told you once that it was no longer needed," Nie Mingyue continued, and Lan Xichen stared at him more and more intently.

"You said your Qi devastation was averted, but you didn't say how. I didn't ask," Lan Xichen added deliberately.

"That's because the one who came up with a way to drive the Qi devastation asked me for secrecy. And after the siege of Burial Mounds, when I planned to kill him, that was the least I could do to pay off the debt. He saved not only my life but also a lot of my students when he gave me a manual to protect the golden cores from resentful energy," Nie Mingyue finished, walking over to Wei Wuxian and placing a hand on his shoulder.

"I wasn't alone," Wei Wuxian remarked, as if by the way, and Nie Mingyue nodded seriously. "You and Dr. Wen," the man agreed, and stepped back a little.

"Wei Ying?" Lan Wangji said beside him in surprise.

"Who is better at solving resentful energy problems than the one who knows the most about it and actively cultivates it without side effects?" Said Nie Huaisang lightly with a wide smile.

"I still don't know how you managed to send the letter through the barrier," Wei Wuxian pursed his lips in disapproval. "But I know you would do anything for your brother. " Just few years ago we found a way how made Wen Ning aging again, breathing. How to make his heart beat again," he smiled at his brother and he smiled back. Although he was still unnaturally pale, his chest did lift at regular intervals.

No Huaisang gasped. "You haven't told me yet!" He retorted. Lan Qiren looked doubtful and disapproving, but Wei Wuxian ignored him. He had long since stopped worrying about his approval. He still had no idea what he was doing, as Xue Guoshi said.

"So what, are you a happy family on a mass grave?" Jiang Wanjin asked angrily.

"Yes, we are family, clan," Wei Wuxian confirmed, not noticing how much Jiang Wanjin frowned at it. "After everything Jiang sect did for you, you just left? You ungrateful servant!" he shouted and walked towards Wei Wuxian with Zidian in full force. But Lan Wangji stood in his way.

"I repaid my Jiang sect debt when I helped you after Lotus Pier Massacre. When I avenged their deaths with you," Wei Wuxian said calmly, placing a hand on Lan Wangji's shoulder to show him that he did not need protection.

"What debt is A'Xian? You are our brother," Jiang Yanli spoke to Wei Wuxian for the first time.

"I saw you once as my siblings before Madam Yu accused me of assaulting Wens, and Jiang Fengmian made me swear to protect you at the expense of my own life," Wei Wuxian sighed. „Until my family taught me, that one doesn't have to die to deserve the love of the

family. I would never say anything like that to my children," he finished, watching Jin Zixuan look at his wife and brother-in-law in surprise.

"But, we've all seen Wens battle plans. Lotus Pier is in a perfect strategic location, and has been scheduled to attack for several years," Jin sect Leader said confusedly. 'How can he be stupid and smart at the same time, sometimes I really don't understand,' thought Wei Wuxian.

"I know, but A'Cheng needs ..." Jiang Yanli didn't finish, and Wei Wuxian took over after her. "Someone to blame. I used to be willing to take on the role, but not anymore."

"If you hadn't played the hero, they would have come later! We could have time to prepare!" Insisted Jiang Wanjin, and when Nie Mingyue wanted to get involved, Wei Wuxian just shook his head. It was hopeless. No matter how many people would tell him that Lotus Pier had several weeks to prepare for the attack and did nothing, Jiang Wanjin would not change his mind anyway.

"If that's all," Wei Wuxian asked, tired of all the speculation.

"You still haven't said if you are going to close off completely again," Jin Zixuan remarked curiously.

"And why do you want to know?" Wei Wuxian suddenly wondered. At first he thought he came for Jiang Yanli, but now he seemed to have his own reason.

"Your student, Mo XuanYu ... He's my brother, isn't he?" He asked, a little uncertainly, almost embarrassed.

"Yes he is. He came to me after his mother's death," Wei Wuxian agreed suspiciously. It was no secret, and although XuanYu himself didn't like to talk about it, he wasn't ashamed of it. Wei Wuxian was really proud of him.

Jin Zixuan took out a letter from his gold sleeve. "Would you pass this on to him? It's an invitation to the Koi Tower. If he wanted, I would welcome him as a brother. Or he could come to visit as he pleased. I'll understand if he refuses, but I'd like to meet him. He wouldn't be the first of my siblings," he added quietly at last, reaching out with a letter to Wei Wuxian. He took the letter with mixed feelings. He knew little about Jin Zixuan's search for his siblings, but he knew nothing specific. 'When did I start to respect him more than Jiang Cheng?' he asked himself nostalgically.

"I'll pass the letter to him and see that he at least answers you the way he decides," he promised, hiding the letter in his gray sleeve. Jin Zixuan nodded his thanks and returned to his wife and son.

"Could I ever visit Sizhui?" Jin Rulan beeped timidly, perhaps at the urging of the mother holding him by the shoulders.

"What do you care about Wen-dog?" Jiang Wanjin said again, and his lips suddenly clung to him, his face flushed.

"If you call my son like that again, I'll arrange for you to fall to your knees and press your head to the ground every time you think of the word 'dog!'" Wei Wuxian turned to him, his eyes turning red.

"I don't understand, Wen Sizhui is seventeen, eighteen, right? That is, he was born during the war. Why were you so ugly to him when he wasn't involved in anything in the war?" Jin Rulan asked incomprehensibly, Wei Wuxian took a deep breath. He forgot that he was actually angry with Jiang Wanjin and turned to the boy with a gentle look.

He walked slowly toward him and reached for the bell at his belt. "May I?" He asked, and when the startled Jin Rulan nodded in agreement, he took the silver in his hand, straightened the other at his chest, and placed a spell on the bell in a few quiet words.

"You are free to come and visit A'Yuan whenever you want," he said, explaining and returning to his seat next to Lan Wangji.

"But you better be careful that someone doesn't take it from you and try to get behind the barrier instead of you, it might not turn out well," Wei Wuxian winked conspiratorially, and Jin Rulan nodded seriously.

"I have a weakness for children," he said a little quieter to Lan Wangji as he looked at him.

"I want to come too!" Lan Jingyi said jealously, and his friend Ouyang nodded in agreement.

"Maybe next time, en?" Wei Wuxian suggested to the boys, and they happily agreed.

"After all these years of friendship and you won't offer me the opportunity to visit? Wei xiong! "Nie Huaisang had to answer.

"You will never change Nie xiong," Wei Wuxian laughed. "I guess that's the answer to you Zéwú-jūn question," Wei Wuxian turned to sect Leader Lan, hoping he understood the hint.

"We'll take it slow," Lan Xichen agreed, looking at his uncle as if urging him to try to object. He was silent, and if Wei Wuxian didn't know him, he would guess he was trying to smile. But it was probably an illusion of light.

"That will be best," Wei Wuxian agreed. "What do you say to continue with our original plan?" he asked teacher Lan and Lan Xichen. They both nodded in agreement. "Would you mind if Jingyi joined the group?" Lan Wangji asked, his eyes on the young Lan.

"If you wish," Wei Wuxian agreed, and he said as bright as his friend Jin Rulan. "Can I, too?" Ouyang asked curiously.

"I'll try to talk to your father," Lan Xichen replied, checking to see that Wei Wuxian had agreed.

"Wangji," he asked his brother Lan Xichen. Lan Wangji stared at him, and as if Leader Lan had read his mind, nodded, saying nothing more.

"In that case, we will say goodbye. I'm looking forward to seeing you in three weeks," Lan Xichen, Lan Jingyi and Lan Qiren bowed and left. The Ouyang boy joined them in a hurry.

Jin Zixuan grabbed the angry Jiang Wanjin, and he and his wife and son also bowed and left.

So only No brothers remained in front of the barrier.

"I want a visit!" Insisted Nie Huaisang, and his brother just smiled and didn't try to stop him. He looked at Wei Wuxian curiously, waiting for him to react. He just sighed at the edge.

"Come on then," he said, reaching out to everyone so they could grab him. When they did, he playfully stretched them through the barrier, as if it wasn't even there.

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Wei Wuxian led the Nie brothers around the village before leaving them in the hands of the children and Wen Ning. He and Lan Wangji himself headed for the main building, where a mountain of uncorrected essays and tests awaited him, which he had to evaluate. 'This is what happens when I give too many tasks to the elders,' Wei Wuxian regretted as he sat down at his study desk and said that Lan Wangji could look around the building (where they had children's classes) while he went to work. Initially he wanted to start the next day, but he needed to focus for a while on something other than visiting sect Leaders.

Lan Wangji took his word for it and took the time to explore the classes. Meanwhile, Xue Guoshi stopped by Wei Wuxian, announcing that he had to put soothing talismans in Jin's cousin because he was screaming too much. Wei Wuxian waved at it, as did the fact that Jin refused to eat. When he wanted to die a slow and painful death from starvation, Wei Wuxian did not want to defend him.

Lan Wangji ended up in the smithy, where Wei Wuxian also found him after a while, examining four unfinished swords. He was looking with interest at one of them, which had gold mixed with a black on the blade.

"That one will be for Zu Yewan. For Se Maoge, Lian Hong and Yan Qiang are the others," he said when Lan Wangji didn't seem to notice him. Lan Wangji turned to him.

"Did you make the swords of your students?" He asked, probably no longer surprised by anything he could have learned. It was true that they had not seen each other for sixteen years, much had changed.

"Yes. It took me a while to figure out how to do it. But in the end it worked. The first sword I made is Zuihòu," he tapped his sword at his waist almost lovingly." But Xue Yang made the E-Mèng flute himself. Which you will know when you hear him play. It's not the worst, but trained teachers are suffering from it," Wei Wuxian laughed fondly. "Fortunately, he's been concentrating on the sword lately."

Lan Wangji nodded in agreement. "Do you teach them to make swords, too?" He asked. "No one yet. But Fu Bohe has been interested in it for another year, and he's not over it yet, so he may want to do it when cultivation for him begins."

Wei Wuxian looked out as the sun began to set toward the horizon. "There will be dinner at any moment. Normally I would have dinner only with A'Mei while others have dinner with the whole village. But A'Yuan is forbidden to leave the bed, so we're going to keep him company. Do you want to join, or will you go to the villagers and the Nie brothers with the children?" he asked, urging him to slowly set out from a single stone building with only one room. They were on their way to Wei Wuxian's house. Nie Mingyue and Nie Huaisang decided to spend the night and wanted to go back home in the morning, as traveling at night was dangerous, as Nie Huaisang claimed, despite having a brother with a saber in his hand to defend him.

"If Wei Ying doesn't mind, I'll stay with you and your children," Lan Wangji decided on the option Wei Wuxian had expected, but preferred to ask anyway.

"Granny Wen ate with us years ago, but she died. It was a good death, in her sleep. Her memorial tablet is in the Astracial Hall. Wen Ning has his own house, where he creates the needs for archery, so he is quite satisfied. And Wen Qing lives above the infirmary," Wei Wuxian explained to fill the silence on the road.

In the doorway of the house, he met his third aunt and Shu Mayan, Shu Tao's mother, who brought them dinner. Wei Wuxian thanked them for this, especially when he found out that they also brought food for Lan Wangji. 'Like these two can not know everything,' he thought to himself as they winked at him flirtatiously.

"Baba," the two children greeted as Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji entered the bedroom downstairs.

Wei Mei sat on the floor next to Wen Yuan's bed, with a small portable table in front of her and four bowls of food on it.

"A'Mei, A'Yuan, how was your day?" Wei Wuxian asked, sitting down on the other side of the bed from Wei Mei's.

"Uncle Mingyue and Uncle Huaisang are fun! They spent the whole afternoon with my class! Uncle Mingyue flew with three of us on his big sword," Wei Mei boasted enthusiastically.

"They came to see me when Zu Yewan and Se Maoge were with me. Mo XuanYu only woke up a moment ago, and Aunt Qing allowed him to join the others in the dining room," Wen Sizhui continued, taking his bowl of food from Wei Mei.

Wei Wuxian watched as Lan Wangji thanked her for that, and his little one blushed and hid behind her bowl.

During the meal, he mainly listened to Wen Yuan, who told him what he talked about with his brothers and what he read. Wei Mei was uncharacteristically quiet, and of course Lan Wangji didn't speak at all. So the conversation was just between Wei Wuxian and Wen Sizhui.

When they finished their meal, Wei Wuxian left for tea for a while and took away the dirty dishes. When he returned, he was appointed Wei Mei's pillow and bed at the same time as

the girl sat on his lap. As she began to yawn, Wei Wuxian was clear that she no longer perceived what was going on around her, so he began to say Wen Yuan what had happened at the barrier.

He didn't comment when Wei Wuxian tested him at the expense of his drunken chatter when they were in Qinghe ("You'll be able to ask your new friends why they're arguing and why they'll calm down when they're quoted poetry!"). The children at Burial Mounds were either four years younger or had only Xue Yang, Mo XuanYu and Go Hua, and none of them did the same cultivation industry.

After drinking Wei Wuxian tea, Wei Mei put him to bed in front of Wen Yuan, before saying good night to his son and going to the upstairs room with Lan Wangji.

## Chapter End Notes

Ok, this is the last chapter and then only the epilogue awaits ☺

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Summary

### Epilog

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wen Sizhui couldn't wait for another day. The entire village at Burial Mounds was preparing for Lans and Jin Rulan visit for three weeks. Ouyang Zizhen was also to join, as his father eventually allowed, when Zéwú-jūn swore that nothing would happen to the boy.

Three days ago, Wen Sizhui was finally allowed to start cultivating and training again, which he celebrated with his brothers and sisters as best he could. In the form of archery at targets hanging on trees and repeating forms on a training field. Wen Sizhui's father just stared at him blankly as he watched him meditate at the end of the day with a smile. "I really don't know who you are after!" He said as Huanguan-Jun stood by his side and followed Wei Wuxian at every turn with a stony face. Two weeks ago, Huanguan-Jun became their teacher of advanced soul study, and Wen Yuan really enjoyed those lessons. Which could not be said of Xue Guoshi, who would much rather engage in experiments with resentful energy. And he made it clear.

Constantly.

When Wen Sizhui went to bed that evening, he no longer had red faces watching his father and Huanguan-Jun walk together hand in hand to Wei Wuxian's private room. During Huanguan-Jun's stay, they almost always stayed alone in the room, and in addition, Wen Yuan's father created an array around the room, so Wen Sizhui had an idea of what was going on there.

He tried not to think about it.

But from time to time, five times more precisely, Wei Mei stayed with them for the night. Not because of the nightmares, as she said, but more because she was jealous of Lan Wangji. Wei Wuxian didn't have the heart to refuse her anything, so when the girl told, she slept with her father. The villagers made fun of Wei Wuxian for this, but everyone knew that if Wei Mei asked them for something, they would not refuse either.

In the evening, however, A'Mei stayed with her brother and material siblings in a common room for the children, while Xue Guoshi told them one of his stories. Wen Yuan had long since stopped trying to persuade him to tell other stories, some milder and with a nice ending. The first discipline was stubborn and a little sadistic.

The next morning, Wen Sizhui quickly dressed and had breakfast so that he could accompany his father behind the barrier, where they waited together for a convoy of visitors.

"Just in time," Wei Wuxian grinned as he saw a group of about twenty, led by Lan Qiren, in the distance along the way. As they approached the torch, it was possible to see the leader of the Jin Sect and his family right behind them, who accompanied Jin Rulan on his visit.

Wen Yuan couldn't help but smile wide, which didn't leave his face all day. It looked like a beautiful visit, like two beautiful days.

It looked like a new beginning.

## Chapter End Notes

So we're at the end. I know you may have been expecting something else, but unfortunately I like sweet hopeful endings, instead of what your heads can think of 😂

Thank you to everyone who came to my fic and I hope to see you in the future ☺



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